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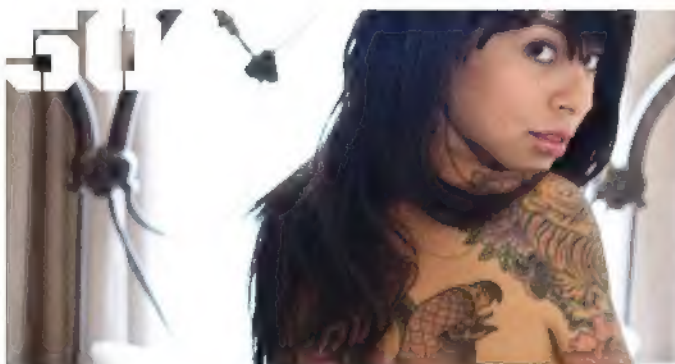
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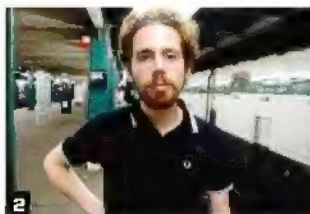
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ink well

I'm Rocky, INKED's new editor—fucking great to meet you.

Our cover girl, Ruby Rose, shot by Warwick Saint (1), is a gem from Australia who talked to Alison Prato (8) about her job interview for MTV Australia, which included downing beers with Bam Margera and wandering the streets of Australia as a kissing bandit. Our kind of girl. And speaking of beautiful, talented women from Down Under, we also introduce you to New Zealand-born Gin Wigmore, a singer we trust you'll be hearing more from very soon.

You pumped for *The Expendables*? Sly, Rourke, Lundgren, Statham, Schwarzenegger ... It could bomb, but with the cast alone we're psyched. Gilbert Macias (5) offers a preview and endorses other movies we're going to hit up this month. Charlie Connell (10), author of the graphic novel *My Life as a Smut Peddler*, argues that Scott Pilgrim (hero of the illustrated book series turned into the current flick starring Michael Cera) is the most relatable champion to make it from sketch to the screen. You'll also want to enjoy August outside, so Dez Mooney, of White Lotus Tattoo and Art Gallery in Toms River, NJ, shares where real people go on the Jersey Shore—not the fist-pumping venues favored by Snooki, *The Situation*, and DJ Pauly D (seriously, a Cadillac side piece?).

If you're a gearhead, or just passionate about cars, the rest of this issue hits your sweet spot: Maroon 5 frontman Adam Levine (6) writes about his love of Harleys and takes one for a spin with Chris McPherson (3), a photographer and fellow biker. The godfather of black and gray, Jack Rudy, talks to Marisa Kakoulas (4), author of *Black & Grey Tattoo*, about his journey and the *kool katz* in the Beatniks Car Club. Alex Higgins, from The Tattoo Factory in Chicago, shows off one of the motorcycle seats he tattooed. With photographer Eric Martin (9) we take city wear on a country road trip in a 1971 Challenger. Jonah Bayer (2) provides the ultimate road trip playlist. And I called my own number to experience the current state of the Motor Capital of the World through the eyes of a special plainclothes unit of the Detroit PD. All that, and we name our favorite cars of the year.

Get ready for an insane ride.

Rocky Rakovic

Rocky Rakovic (7)
Editor
editor@inkedmag.com



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FLIPPING FOR PHILIPPE

I had never even seen your magazine before. Then, yesterday, walking through the bookstore, Ryan Philippe's gorgeous face made me stop in my tracks and back up. As an inked woman who loves tats and Ryan, I was more than happy to dish out my money for your magazine. I've already read the whole thing and ripped out a bunch of pics I love, including all of Ryan. Thanks so much for your feature on him, and you have earned yourself a new reader!

Heather Chesna
Worcester, MA

CLYROMANIAC

After I got my sixth *INKED*, I wanted to thank you for the Biffy Clyro article in your last magazine. They're one of the most promising and rocking bands from Europe and they deserve more attention overseas. I've got to add that this is one of the best magazines worldwide. I already checked out so many tattoo magazines from Italy, France, Germany—none of 'em can keep it up with your mag. I really do like your city tips. Two thumbs up!

Frank Desiront
Luxembourg

facebook

RE: INKED GIRL EVA HUBER

Nina Bermejo: Love the peacock feathers!!! Vibrant colors on her right sleeve! Plus the chest piece is different ... in a really cool way!

RE: DEFTONES

Kathryn Decorsio: Thank you for the article on my Deftones! Loved it!!

RE: RYAN PHILIPPE

Imane_Mossadek: He's pretty well ranked in my Top 10 male celebs to lust!

Lauren Marley: [He has an] "I'm better than you" look. IMO. Dislike.

Brandon Takanabe: Ha ha, what a bunch of haters. I read the article, he seems like a humble guy.

RE: Q&A WITH STEVE-O

Renee Maria Gardner: Steve-O rocks!

Guy Hickey: Yeah Dude!



READER OF THE MONTH

COLLEEN CARACAS
San Diego, CA

Want to be a Reader of the Month?
E-mail photos to inkedgirl@inkedmag.com

A FAN IN THE FATHERLAND

Great magazine! I read every issue. It almost always has the perfect balance of tattoos, art, and personalities. It's the only tattoo-related magazine that I read ... and, don't worry, the only one I write to.

Timo Wuerz

Hamburg, Germany

[Editor's note: Timo is a slick German designer. Check out his stuff at timowuerz.com]

INKED IN IRAQ

First, let me start off by saying I really enjoy your magazine. I'm deployed in Iraq and every month my soldiers and I look forward to receiving my care package from my girlfriend that contains *INKED*. When I get home I'm getting a subscription.

SSG Johnny Palmer

[Editor's note: Thank you for your service. Get home safe—and when you do, we'll comp your subscription.]



WRITE TO US! Got something to say? Send all praise, notes of complaint, story suggestions, and other comments to letters@inkedmag.com. All submissions should include the writer's name and address. Letters may be edited for clarity, length, and content. Also join the party at facebook.com/inkedmag.

INKED LIFE

My First Ink

Name: Emylee Disario

Occupation: Model

Hometown: Boston

I got my first tattoo on my 18th birthday; it's of my zodiac sign, Gemini. From there I spent 19 hours with Mike Francis at Blacksmith Tattoo on my family tree rib piece. The tree features me and my parents as Native American animals: a lynx, owl, and hawk. The roots turn into a pumpkin patch, and my brothers' initials are in the pumpkins. It was my most painful tattoo and the one with the most meaning. My parents are both tattooed as well, so they loved it.



MARKED-UP BIMMER

As owner of **Harbor Motor Sports (HMS)**, a sick car customizing shop in the OC, **John Sarkisyan** sprays rides on the job, draws tattoo designs when on break, and, at night turns into Slang 500, SoCal graffiti muralist. His three artistic outlets coalesce on this BMW M3. "It took me eight months and 96 Sharpies, but I think it turned out dope," Sarkisyan says. We agree, this is the best inked up car we've seen. Check out slang500.com for more shots of the car and Sarkisyan's work.

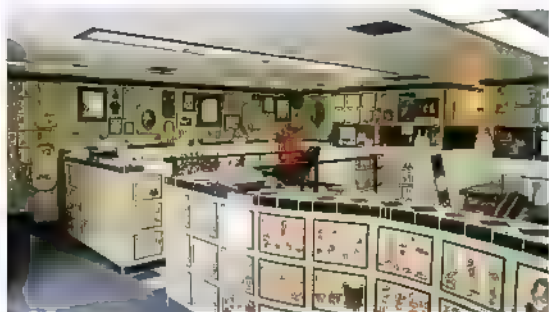


LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, ETERNITY

When one dies, his tattoos don't always perish. Until September 26, **London's Wellcome Collection** is showcasing "**Skin**," an installation taking a closer look at the organ that protects us from the outside world. The most intriguing objects on display are preserved pieces of tattooed skin (some dating back to 1850) thought to be cut from Parsian prisoners. The artwork is not so different from today's ink and includes stuff like flowers, patriotic symbols, and the feminine form. And then there's one that needs to be brought back into rotation: a pig riding a bicycle.



A673



RIGHT TO INK ARMS

Johnny Anderson (a.k.a. Johnny 2/3rds), owner of **Yar Cheat'n Heart** in Gardena, CA, has a dilemma. He would like to move his shop to a safer area in Hermosa Beach, but current zoning laws don't allow tattooing in the town. Instead of sulking, Anderson is standing up and fighting the injustice by taking his case to the U.S. 9th Circuit Court of Appeals on the grounds that his right to freedom of expression is being impinged upon. His foes argue that he can express his art using other media, but we think that's like telling Gutenberg to go chisel his books on stone tablets. The case hasn't been resolved yet, but we hope the court won't deny his First Amendment rights.

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Rum Runner

A chat with L.A.-based Sailor Jerry field ambassador Vanessa LaRose.

INKED: What do you do for Sailor Jerry?

VANESSA: I'm a field ambassador which means they send me to really cool punk rock dive bars all over L.A. to have fun, introduce people to the brand, and take pictures of people drinking Sailor Jerry. It's great because every part of the city has a totally different crowd, and they're all fun. Long Beach is a little punk rock and Silver Lake is more artsy and trendy. I get to see it all.

Sailor Jerry Rum is obviously tattoo-inspired. Do you have any old-school tattoos? I have a Sailor Jerry mermaid on my shoulder actually. I see a lot of people who have one theme all over their body, and I just wanted a little piece of everything. I definitely needed one piece of old flash on me.

Do you ever get static for your ink? I've worked corporate jobs where I had to cover my tattoos. That meant wearing these huge rings to cover my knuckles, which was a giant hassle. Plus, I felt like I was living the life of a 40-year-old when I was 21. It sucked. So I got over it. I knew I never wanted to be in a position where I couldn't be what I wanted to be. Bartending is a job where what you can do is more important than someone else's idea of how you should look.

What are the popular rum drinks these days? Beer cocktails are getting really popular now. We have one called The Grog [recipe below] that I like a lot.



VANESSA'S PICKS

THE GROG

Pour two parts chilled Hoegaarden beer into a pint glass; add one part Sailor Jerry rum and one part chilled orange juice. Serve without a smile.

SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT

Pour three parts Guinness into a pint glass. Add one part Sailor Jerry and two parts chilled cola.

THE RUM DIARY

The story behind summer's sweetest tippie.

Rum is the troublemaker of the liquor family, the preferred hooch of pirates, bootleggers, and, well, us. Even its invention was illegal. It was created by slaves on sugar plantations in the Caribbean who were trying to find a way to make their lives halfway tolerable. Flash forward a century or so and it's the preferred libation of the hardy colonists settling what would become the United States. And when people got drunk, railed against King George and suggested doing things like dressing up like Indians and dumping shipments of tea into Boston Harbor, rum was key to thank George Washington himself insisted that a keg of Barbados rum be brought in for his inauguration.

Today rum is enjoying a renaissance, with more and

better varieties available than ever before. White rum is unaged and works great for mixing. Amber is aged slightly and adds a different, richer flavor to the drinks you make with it. But most of the recent activity has been in the añejo (aged) category. These are the sipping rums meant to be drunk on the rocks, or with a squeeze of lime if you need to ward off scurvy. Spiced rum is a different beast, dating from a time when cheap rum was steeped with various herbs and spices to cover its imperfections. Today, the base spirit used in spiced rums like Sailor Jerry and Captain Morgan is a much higher quality, but that hasn't diminished fans' love for the vanilla, cinnamon, and anise kick. —Scott Alexander

PARTY PUNCH

Use the basic formula from the old pirates rhyme. "One part sour, two parts sweet, three parts strong, four parts weak." Sour is usually lemon or lime juice. Sweet: fruit juice and/or grenadine. The strong is rum. We usually go with something basic but high quality, like Bacardi Superior or 151. No matter what, these taste best when made in large quantities and served out of a new trash can with cut fruit.



STAND ALONE

If you pay more than \$30 a bottle, you shouldn't mix your rum with much besides ice. Tossing in juice or soda with Brugal or Zacapa will likely drown out all the subtle flavors of leather, vanilla, cocoa, and oak that emerge during the aging process. Keep it simple: Fill a lowball with ice, pour in some rum, squeeze a lime if you'd like, lightly swirl the glass and sip. The world should have just become slightly brighter.



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Clockwise from top left, *Invasive* on the grounds of Museum Park at the North Carolina Museum of Art, Raleigh, NC; *Hurricane Charm*, located on City Hall Drive in New Smyrna Beach, FL; *Orange NJ Community Knot*, which includes names of recently deceased Orange residents and a prayer, on Freeman Street, in Orange, NJ.



ON THE ROAD

Steed Taylor is a street artist, literally.

When asked for samples of his work, Steed Taylor suggests a Google Earth search of New Smyrna Beach, FL. A few years ago, he painted one of his road tattoos at the Atlantic Center for the Arts there. For this NYC-based painter and printmaker, the only way to appreciate some of his work is to grow wings or look through a satellite.

A North Carolina native, Taylor has shown his work—most of which deals with his living with AIDS—in galleries all over the world, but has garnered the most attention for the dozens of road tattoos he's done. These pieces range in size from a few feet to nearly 2,000 and are labor-intensive, requiring a few paid assistants, dozens of volunteers, and a day to two weeks to complete. Some art critics have classified the work as graffiti, but Taylor explains, "Graffiti is illicit. I am permitted by the municipalities, academic institutions, museums, and public agencies that commission me."

The work is adventurous but subtle. Taylor's designs are inspired by traditional tattoo art like tribal signs, flames, chains, flora, and Chinese and Celtic iconography. After designing each piece, he goes on location—whether to Columbus, OH, Duke University, or the Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art in Peekskill, NY—and outlines the design in chalk. Then he fills it in with black, high-gloss latex paint. "You obviously notice it," he says of the shiny black medium on gray asphalt. "It doesn't pop out at you, but you see it there. It has a really evocative quality as the light passes over."

For an artist who considers roadways to be the skin of a community, it only makes sense that that skin would get some ink. Taylor says there's a direct correlation between marking your body as a means of personal commemoration, communication, or ritual and marking a section of roadway for the same reason. He's not only hired to bring a new aesthetic to the paved strip, he's also there for an emotional significance. This, he says, is the most poignant part of the process.

"Ultimately, I'm just a guest going into someone's backyard to do a piece of public art," he says. "The community picks a topic that's important to them. Sometimes it's lighthearted and sometimes it's serious—like the domestic violence piece I did in Mesa, Arizona." During the installation, the local community is invited to a dedication ceremony at which names or other pertinent information are painted within the design. A nondenominational prayer is said while Taylor and his crew color in the shape. Eventually, traffic and weather conditions dissolve the tattoos into the road.

"I think a lot of what interests me about tattooing is the idea of body possession and how you can use that to either adorn yourself or to commemorate something like an experience," Taylor says. "They can be really aggressive or really subtle." Or, like his New Smyrna Beach work, they can be seen via Google Earth. —Kara Pound

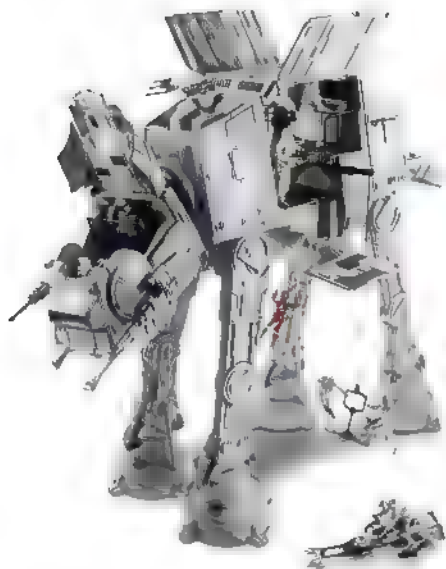


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Inked



WALK TALL

When a toy promises "rotating chin guns" our ears perk up; when it's from *Star Wars* our wallets are drawn. The AT-AT (\$100, hasbro.com)—if you don't know what that stands for, move on to another item—stands over two feet tall, which is sweet, but tough to hide when you bring a date home.



Screw You

The most masculine way to open a wine bottle is with a samurai sword; the second most is with a chrome-plated steel Knuckle Duster Corkscrew (\$13, thinkgeek.com). Nobody likes a wine snob, but swishy types will drink your rosé and like it after they see you procure this bad Larry.

Teed Up ➔

Remember when your mother picked out your clothing? You looked lame but at least you didn't have to put forth the effort. Enter Threadless 12 Club (\$200, threadless.com). For a year the apparel company will handpick a newly designed funky shirt every month and mail it to you by the 15th. Take that, your mother



Hold the Phone

The modern nightstand table often looks like a mess of plastic and wires, as cell phone companies focus more on handsets than their chargers. The iRetrofone (\$195, etsy.com) harkens back to the days before emoticons infiltrated text messaging. It cradles your iPhone with a base that can plug into your computer's USB port, once again enabling you to slam down the phone (though we don't recommend it)





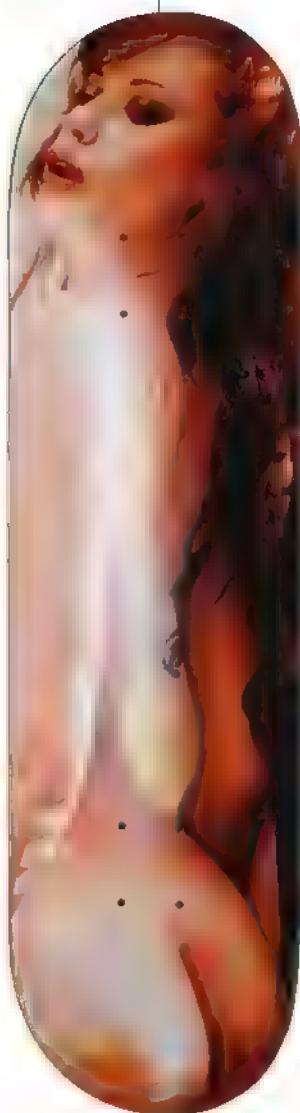
1 WHISKEY, 2 WHISKEY, 3 WHISKEY, FLOOR

You may think that your joint is killer. You have the right art on the walls, the perfect couch, a huge flatscreen. But look down! You can upgrade your floors. McKay Flooring nailed it by turning old whiskey casks into floorboards (about \$129 each, mckayflooring.co.uk). Never worry about spilling a dram again.



BAD ASS

These one-of-a-kind leather motorcycle seats (\$400, electricsolos.com) are tattooed by Alex Higgins of the Tattoo Factory in Chicago. Using a good old ink-and-electric-machine approach, Higgins tattoos each seat by hand, making your ride as custom as it gets.



Going Stagg

The *Living Proof Magazine* Artist Alliance put out this skateboard deck (\$60, livingproofmag.bigcartel.com) featuring art by the sought-after photographer (and *INKED* contributor) Ellen Stagg. The photo Stagg selected for the limited edition run of 100 is a bare-backed Justine Joli. Don't you dare grind on it.



Easy, Rider

Put on a damn helmet (a bandanna isn't going to protect your melon in a crash) and make it a sleek cap from Ruby (starting at \$965, boutiqueruby.com). Each shell—you can go with one of the standard designs or customize your own—is crafted with the King of Cool, Steve McQueen, in mind.



Send a Message

Alas, poor Yorick, letter writing is waning. But we still post because we think the novelty of receiving an envelope gets a point across better than an e-mail. Our favorite vehicle is D.L. & Co.'s Memento Mori collection (\$175, dlcompany.com) of onsp skull stationery in a sharp, black, resin-cast box.



MOVIES

SCOTT PILGRIM VS. THE WORLD OF SUPERHEROES

Maybe if my parents were murdered in front of me I'd understand Batman, but they're retired in Florida, playing bridge. I'm a normal fella like you. I was raised on a steady diet of punk rock, *Star Wars* (I have the Imperial logo on my shoulder), comics, and video games. My daydreams involve fight-

ing a gauntlet of enemies Street Fighter-style in order to rescue a pink-haired princess. Basically, Bryan Lee O'Malley channeled guys like me for the Scott Pilgrim series he began writing in 2004.

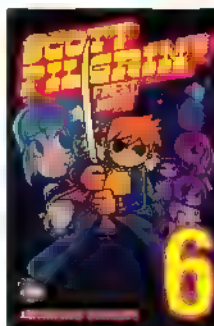
Pilgrim is a 23-year-old slacker with myriad problems. In order to continue dating the girl of his

dreams, Ramona Flowers, Pilgrim has to defeat her seven evil ex-boyfriends. He doesn't have millions of dollars worth of gadgets at his disposal. He is fueled completely by his desire to be with Ramona. Pilgrim is sort of a hipster Peter Parker.

Hollywood has trended toward the comic book racks in the last 15 years with mixed results. For every great film like *The Dark Knight* there are crap flicks like *The Pun-*

isher. In the movie *Scott Pilgrim vs. The World*, they finally picked one that understands the ethos of being a 20-something in the 21st century.

So this month I'm going to do what Pilgrim would: I'm going to read the final book in the series (it came out July 20), then take my Ramona Flowers to see the film starring Michael Cera. And if any of her evil ex-boyfriends show up, I'm going to tell them to eat a bag of dicks and prepare to throw down. —Charlie Connell



DVD

LAND OF LOST

For six years *Lost* kept DVRs working overtime at night and its cliffhangers became water cooler buzz during the day. The final season, while amazing, didn't go over well with a lot of fans who thought the ending too ambiguous. This killer box set contains over 30 hours of features from every season, including never-before-seen footage, deleted scenes, and emotional behind-the-scenes featurettes. The awesome packaging also includes a special edition collectible Sentinel game and—well, we'd tell you about the rest but that doesn't seem in the spirit of *Lost*. —G.M.

BOOK



Long Story

Rick Moody's take on the 1983 B movie *The Crawling Hand* is an ambitious effort that playfully messes with the conventions of the genre. Between the Pynchon-esque satire with Moody's signature use of italics, the pitch-perfect writing of borderline sociopathic city teens and bureaucrats, all the weightless sex, drug-addicted astronaut colonists, wildly intel, gent ab chimps, and the most elaborate mechanical sex toy ever depicted in literature, there is a ton of spectacular weirdness to keep things interesting throughout *The Four Fingers of Death's* 236 pages. —Anthony Vargas

MOVIES



THE EXPENDABLES

This film is loaded with so much testosterone, one might grow a third testicle during a viewing. The Expendables are a group of mercenaries on a mission to overthrow a ruthless dictator in South America. How powerful are Sylvester Stallone, Jet Li, Jason Statham, Dolph Lundgren, Mickey Rourke, and Randy Couture on the same billing? Surprisingly, it doesn't rip a wormhole in the universe—but they brought back the '80s.



THE OTHER GUYS

Will Ferrell and Mark Wahlberg star in the action-comedy as two oddly paired detectives who idolize the city's top cops, played by Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson and the super-cool Samuel L. Jackson. When they up the ante in an effort to outshine their idols, chaos and hilarity ensue. Director Adam McKay is responsible for some of Ferrell's most well-received outings, including *Anchorman*, *Talladega Nights*, and *Step Brothers*—we're confident that this is the comedy of the summer.



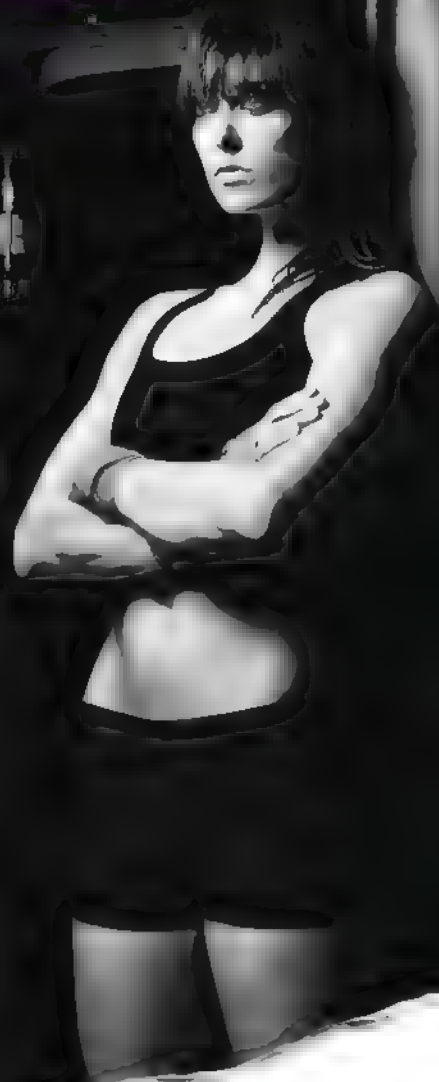
PIRANHA 3-D

Piranha was in dire need of a remake, and this month it comes to the screen. It's spring break and Lake Victoria is filled with thousands of drunk, partying tourists when an underwater tremor unleashes hundreds of man-eating fish. Among the possible chum is Elisabeth Shue, Jerry O'Connell, Ving Rhames, and Christopher Lloyd. With stylish director Alexandre Aja (*The Hills Have Eyes*, *Mirrors*) at the helm, there's tons of gore, flesh, and in-your-face 3D double-D cleavage to enjoy. —Gilbert Macias

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VIDEO GAMES

**MADDEN NFL 11**

Platforms: PlayStation 3, PlayStation 2, PSP, Xbox 360, Wii

It's that time of year when cheerleaders procure their pom-poms, Ray Lewis scares the shit out of rookie quarterbacks, and Brett Favre adds to his interception record. The NFL is back, and—as it has been for the past 20-some years—Madden is riding shotgun. This year's version puts the skill back in the skill, players with a new locomotion system that places the ankle-breaking moves at your fingertips. By eliminating the speed burst button and accentuating player acceleration and agility, the game more accurately reflects the difference between an all-world back like Chris Johnson and a washed-up has-been like LaDainian Tomlinson. The rewritten offensive line intelligence helps your lead blocker put his helmet on the right guy. EA Sports also redesigned the play-calling and audibling interfaces to speed up the games, added a new three-on-three online team play mode, and revamped the Super Bowl experience. Oh yeah, and Gus Johnson is now in the booth: "Bam!" **Play if you like: Beer, Sundays, America** —Matt Bertz

**MAFIA II**

Platforms: PlayStation 3, Xbox 360, PC

Think you're a wise guy? Put your La Cosa Nostra skills to the test as Vito Scaletta, a World War II vet who can't find a decent job to support his family and so joins his wisecracking best friend, Joe Barbaro, in performing odd jobs for the local outfit. As you rise from a petty thug to made man, sharpen your racketeering skills by extorting, robbing, and whacking your way through a Grand Theft Auto-style open world that impressively captures the vibe of 1940s and 50s America. No witness protection program exists in the 1950s, so staying alive will take the luck of a Luciano and the trigger finger of a Genovese. **Play if you like: Goodfellas, Grand Theft Auto IV** —M.B.

**DEAD RISING 2**

Platforms: PlayStation 3, Xbox 360, PC

Dead Rising 2 throws more zombies at you than all the George A. Romero flicks combined. With a gameplay engine that can generate up to 8,000 undead at a time, there's no shortage of lifeless targets. Chuck Greene, the MacGyver of the zombie apocalypse, uses his love of duct tape to create impromptu weapons like kayak paddles with chainsaws at both ends and footballs rigged with hand grenades. Team up with a buddy to up the body count even further, or become a contestant in the *Terror Is Reality* game show that challenges you to complete *American Gladiators*-style tests of skill amid countless reanimates. **Play if you like: Left 4 Dead, Zombieland** —M.B.

THE Inked PLAYLIST

**THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM "Orphans"**

With this track, New Jersey's The Gaslight Anthem reconcile their punk roots with a classic rock sensibility to craft a song with a sense of urgency so overwhelming it's palpable.

AGAINST ME! "Because of the Shame"

The Gaslight Anthem may come from the same Jersey as Bruce Springsteen, but Florida's Against Me! is better at capturing his spirit with "Because of the Shame." It's not just a song—it's a battle cry.

MAPS & ATLASES "Living Decorations"

Chicago's Maps & Atlases are effortlessly able to combine technical indie-rock with neo-soul, and nowhere is that amalgam present in a more memorable way than on "Living Decorations."

WOLF PARADE "What Did My Lover Say? (It Always Had to Go This Way)"

Wolf Parade have been out of the spotlight for a while, but songs like this prove they're still the masters of idiosyncratic indie rock.

MALE BONDING "All Things This Way"

The London-based noise-pop act Male Bonding's debut album, *Nothing Hurts*, is teeming with fuzzed-out guitars and cacophonous melodies, both of which shine on this grunge-pop masterpiece.

THE NATIONAL "Afraid of Everyone"

The National aren't known for making uplifting music, but "Afraid of Everyone" and the other melancholic meditations on *High Violet* have a hopeful quality that makes for a captivating listening experience.

THE DAMNED THINGS**"We've Got a Situation Here (Rough Mix)"**

Question: What do you get when you combine members of Anthrax, Fall Out Boy, and Every Time I Die? Answer: Something that evokes everything from classic GNR to pop-punk. —Jonah Beyer



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The Gas
Face.



ODOR EATERS

He who smelt it is fine—but if she smelt it, she'll leave.

While you are squeezing every last drop of fun out of summer in 90-degree temperatures, your body is trying to cool itself and squeezing out rank toxins in the process. "This time of year, lots of guys come in asking for something to help out their friend who has an odor issue," laughs Mike Gilman, cofounder of Grooming Lounge, a mini chain of men's spas near Washington, D.C. "Who else are they going to ask? It's not like you're going to talk to your girlfriend about swamp ass or smelly feet."

One of the top complaints Gilman hears is untamable pit odor. His obvious advice is to wash regularly and use antiperspirant-deodorant, but he also suggests some landscaping: "Look at an NBA game. Those guys obviously trim their pit hair—and they know more about sweating than you do." He's not suggesting you shave, but snipping a few centimeters allows you to get the antiperspirant stick in

direct contact with your skin so it can do its thing.

Another fear is Frito feet. Your soles sweat more in the heat and that moisture is a breeding ground for foul bacteria, according to Gilman. He suggests a foot powder or spray to cool and absorb moisture. Also consider exfoliating. "There's all sorts of dead skin and gross stuff on feet that can trap moisture, so we usually tell clients to rub a pumice stone over them in the shower to get rid of that stuff," he says.

And the final summer issue Gilman hears about is one you're likely to feel before you smell. "We call it bat wings," Gilman says, offering up a lovely visual metaphor for the sweaty situation that happens below the belt. Once again, the culprit is moisture—and powder can help. In fact, Gilman sells one that's specifically designed for use in boxers (or briefs). Check it out, at night, along with a few other solutions for olfactory issues. —Jennifer Goldstein

BALLA POWDER FOR MEN

Just this powder (\$15, groominglounge.com) on to "keep your boys dry," says Gilman. It stops sticky situations and odors—and doesn't make you smell like a baby.



RITUAL NATURE CALLS

Place a few of these drops (\$9, groominglounge.com) in the toilet post-business and the bathroom won't need to be fumigated. "Lots of people leave it in their bathrooms for guests too," Gilman says. Bringing these to a Labor Day BBQ trumps the guy who brought potato salad.



AMENITY FOOT & SHOE SPRAY

Prep your shoes with this stuff (\$32, groominglounge.com) before a hot day and then spray down your feet when you get home too. "It's got menthol so it's really cooling," says Gilman.



AXE CLINICAL PROTECTION ANTIPERSPIRANT

A deodorant masks odor but doesn't stop sweat. An antiperspirant does both, usually with about 17 percent of the sweat-stopper aluminum zirconium tetrachlorohydrate gly. This stick (\$7, drugstores) has that ingredient at 20 percent—the most you can get without an Rx.



MODEL: ALEXIS TEXIDOR



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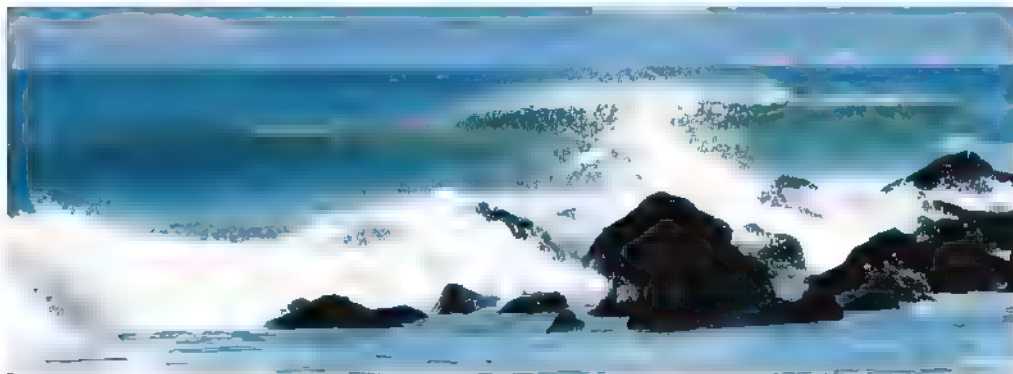
ASELLINA

plunge Bagatelle



Q BEST PLACE FOR UNCONVENTIONAL SANDWICHES

What would a tattoo shop be without a go-to spot that spoils the crew and their clients? The River Market (67 Main St., Toms River, NJ, rivermarketcafe.com) is a quick three doors up from the studio and is one of Mooney's favorite places to eat. "They bring a classy twist to some of the meals you may have grown to love, while adding their own interpretation to spice things up a bit," Mooney says. In homage to his patronage, the mastery kitchen staff have created a White Lotus Wrap: grilled chicken salad with Dijon mustard instead of mayo. "My idea," Mooney says.



DESTINATION

JERSEY SHORE

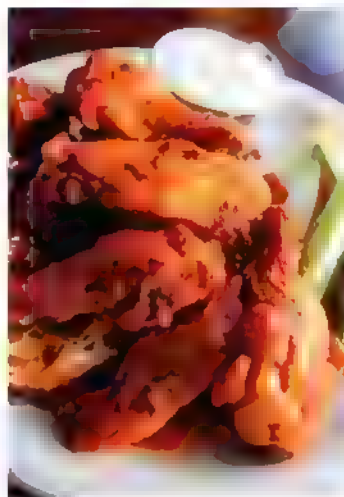
The Jersey Shore is more than just a playground for spiky-haired orange people. Just ask tattooer **Desmond Mooney**.



After tattooing for 14 years in the Garden State, Desmond Mooney teamed up with Doug DeSilva in 2006 and opened the doors to White Lotus Tattoo & Art

Gallery (59 Main St., whitelotustattoos.com) in historic Toms River, NJ. "There is a lot of history and tradition in our area," he says. Many of the buildings downtown date from before the Civil War and are in what Mooney refers to as "the creepy part of town," casually noting that the studio is definitely haunted.

In addition to DeSilva and Mooney, White Lotus is home to tattooers Dan Paone, Kevin LeBlanc, and Patrick Sheridan. Mooney has lived at the Shore for 36 years and knows the best spots to eat, drink, and play a quick round of mini golf without seeing fist-pumpers. —Patrick Sullivan



Q BEST 24-HOUR WING JOINT WITH A PHILOSOPHICAL NAME

Many refer to Beach Haven's The Chicken or the Egg (207 N. Bay Ave., 492fowl.com), which is open 24 hours a day during summer, as simply "The Chegg." Feeding the beach community in and around Ocean County, "I dare you to try the Ludicrous wings," Mooney challenges of their hottest dish, though they serve every incarnation of American food. Unconventional sandwich combinations are also a staple. "I've found myself drawn to [The Chegg] more and more," says Mooney in an almost spiritual tone. "I try to keep up with new menu items and possible surprises."

Q BEST PLACE TO HEAR LOCAL BANDS

"The Brighton has been a staple in my life for as long as I can remember," reflects Mooney. The Brighton Bar (121 Brighton Ave., Long Branch, NJ) is deeply rooted in the local music scene. It has an electric vibe and nearly tangible history that continues to be carried on by generations of local talent. "I've spent many a night at The Brighton pitching forks and raising glasses of whiskey and pints of beer to cheer on my favorite local acts," says Mooney. Hit the pool table and dartboard to occupy yourself between acts. And "make sure you tell Jacko I sent ya," says Mooney. Look for his beard, it's impossible to miss.



Q BEST PINT

With endless Guinness and a variety of whiskeys behind the bar, Doyle's Pour House (210 W. Main St., Tuckerton, NJ) would have a hard enough time keeping any pub-crawler away. But combine that with a pool table, video games, a few flatscreens, and old family recipes (Mooney recommends the shepherd's pie), and it becomes a destination in itself. "Doyle's is by far the best pub I've had the pleasure of sitting in here in the States," says Mooney, who is "American by birth and Irish by the grace of God."



Q BEST LYLE TUTTLE-LINKED FAMILY DINER

Sweet Jenny's (107 S. Main St., Barnegat, NJ, sweetjennysrestaurant.com) is often packed with kids and adults (like Mooney and his family) all hopped up on pancakes and ice cream. "Besides the delicious food, it's the people who own and operate it that keep us going back," says Mooney. "We have grown close with the owner, Marty, and his wife, as well as the manager, Joe." If you happen to get friendly with the staff and owners yourself, you might hear stories about tattoo legend Lyle Tuttle, an old friend of Marty's.

Rebel Spirit

A ROYAL WAY OF LIFE



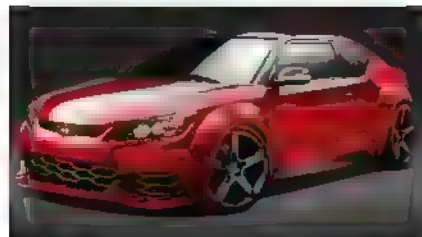
WILLIAM BLACKMON #27
GREEN BAY PACKERS

REBELSPIRITCLOTHING.COM

PHOTO: JEFF GARDNER/STUDIO CITY PHOTOGRAPHY.COM

AVAILABLE IN METROPARK AND THE BUCKLE

Clockwise from top:
BMW 550i GT 2011
Scion iC, 2010 Chevy
Corvette Grand Sport



INKED'S CARS OF THE YEAR 2010

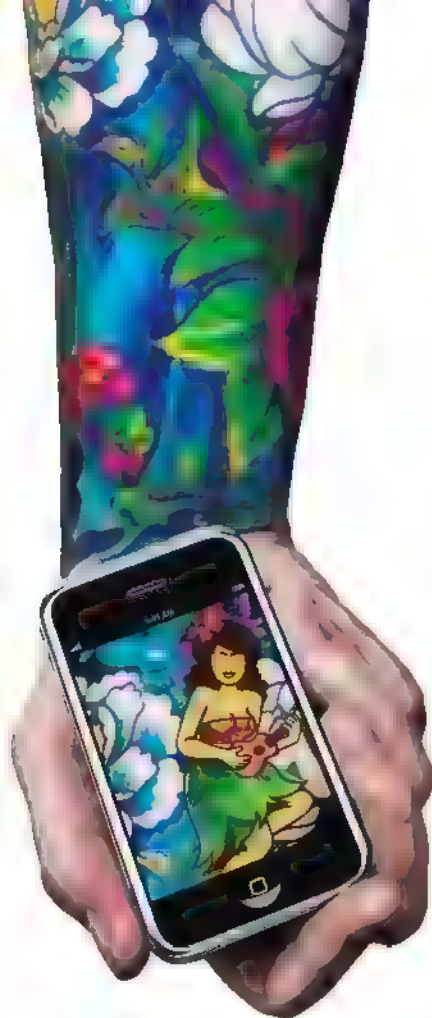
We care about aesthetic and performance when it comes to our rides, so we dispatched our automotive writer to test-drive the best. We could have used other metrics to determine our three favorite rides, but we were mostly concerned with one thing: Regardless of RPMs, how revved up did we get behind the wheel? All three of these cars are man machines, they are aggressive.

There's really no automotive category for the BMW 550i GT, so let's just slot it into the "why the hell not?" bucket. It looks like the beautiful love child of a sedan and an SUV, but its 4.4-liter 400-horsepower V8 can smoke the tires up and down your local autobahn. The GT's coupe-on-steroids styling is unique on the road, while inside, the luxurious cabin is so decadent you may feel the need to go to confession. Yet for all the Bimmer performance and style, the GT is also a practical hauler with surprising cargo space. Hit the track and on the way back you can stop at your local big-box store.

Of course, most folks don't have \$65K to spare on a car in this economy. A much more affordable option that's still an absolute blast to drive is the all-new 2011 Scion iC coupe (out in the fall). For the young thrill seeker, the second-generation iC pounds the pavement with a roomy, race-inspired

cabin (including the flat-bottom Formula 1-style steering wheel and the coupe's signature all-glass roof), enhanced performance, and aggressive yet elegant styling that looks much pricier than the ballpark \$20K sticker. Our rule of thumb when on a road trip: If we spot a Scion in the parking lot of a bar, we stop there to party.

Much has been made of the muscle car revival in recent years, with most of the ink spilled on the Ford Mustang, the Dodge Challenger, and the Chevy Camaro. The all-new 2010 Chevy Corvette Grand Sport—which comes as both a coupe and convertible—serves notice that the Vette is still king of American sports cars. The Grand Sport splits the difference between the base Vette and the amped-up performance of the Corvette Z06. Styled like the pricier Z06—wide track, aggressive front end, seductive curves—the Grand Sport resembles six-figure European supercars, despite a sticker in the lower \$50s. The base 6.2-liter, 430-horsepower V8 snaps the car from 0 to 60 in about four seconds, and the engine roar is as raw and brilliant as a Jack White guitar riff. The guttural noise aside, when you pull up in this machine, you know that you have arrived. —Sam Jamieson



PUT INKED IN YOUR POCKET



Sure you've picked out the perfect piece of artwork but how will it look on your body? And where are you going to place it?

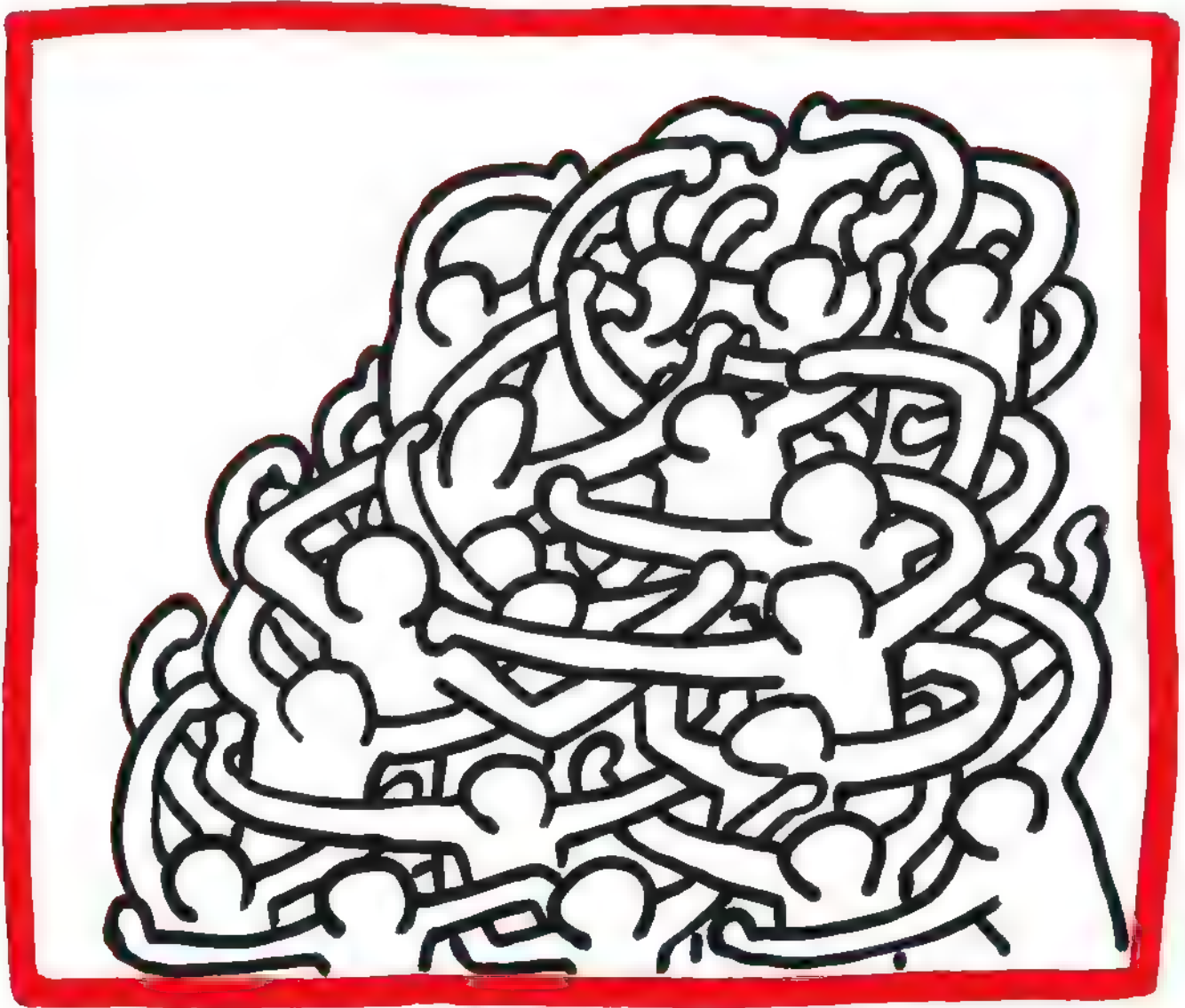
INKED has an app for that. With our application you can take an idea for a tattoo from our inventory of thousands and lay it on a photo of yourself. Then you can manipulate the tattoo and reposition the piece until you are sure it looks good enough to get it inked.

Speaking of location, our app comes with a digital version of INKED so the magazine can be delivered to your iPhone or iPad.

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INKED PEOPLE

"If I went home [to New Zealand] and told them that I'm big in Australia, they'd call me a dickhead and tell me to milk the cows." -*Gin Wigmore*



GIN WIGMORE

If Amy Winehouse and Adele scissored, the result would be Gin Wigmore. This Kiwi's songs are soulful and raw but yet somehow delicate. Her music took her out of New Zealand to conquer Australia, and now she's ready to make a household name of herself in America.

But whenever she is in the spotlight, she is far from home. "You don't have big dreams growing up in New Zealand," she says. "You either want to be a teacher or a football coach. If I went home and told them that I'm big in Australia, they'd call me a dickhead and tell me to milk the cows."

Wigmore lived the life of a rock star way before making it. She first got into music by sneaking into open mic nights at age 14. The folks at the bar didn't care her age until she won one evening and they asked for her information so they could reward her with a take of the door. She returned the following week with a parent in tow, but the ordeal put a halt to the fun part of bar culture for her, and she stopped going. It wasn't until she entered and won an international songwriting competition a handful of years ago that she got back into music.

The singer-songwriter's new album, *Holy Smoke*, just went three-times platinum in New Zealand, but it's her publicist who informs her of this when she stops by the INKED office. In fact, Wigmore can't recall the last time she

was home. "I'm either on a plane, on stage, or in a hotel room," Wigmore explains about her Shermanesque march on tour of Australia and America. She performed on *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* as part of her three-month American spring tour and caught the ear of Steve Madden, who then brought her under the wing of his shoe empire for various projects, including some forthcoming in-store concerts in the States.

And when the subject turns to finding love in her Samsonite existence, she says coquettishly yet confidently, "It makes it hard to have a boyfriend." Love, Wigmore says, is what every great song is about. Her favorite song and perhaps the gateway drug to her music is the single "Hey Ho." At first listen it sounds light, sweet, and radio-ready, but once you delve into the lyrics ("You should know that nothing leaves my side/I'm gonna come around/I'm gonna shoot you down/You knocked my crown/Now you can go six feet underground") you catch her edge.

Speaking of love and her fangs, her penchant for ink caused a former par amour's dension: "A bastard ex-boyfriend came to me one day and told me if I got any more tattoos, he'd leave me because it would"—here she raises her hands to form air quotes—"make me unmarriageable." So she got more art done, and look at her now. Good call, jerk. —Rocky Rakovic



LAURI DITUNNO

Lauri Ditunno isn't your average cake store owner turned reality TV star. Although the spunky pastry chef is best known for her role on the WE Network's *Amazing Wedding Cakes*, her approach to decorating veers way beyond star tips and buttercream.

Ditunno founded the New York-based shop Cake Alchemy after working in the pastry business for almost 20 years. She explains that "Alchemy" refers to the process of turning ordinary materials into gold—and she's got the Midas touch. For instance, one of her signature techniques involves blowing sugar into translucent orbs that can transform a traditional cake into something almost ethereal.

Although her projects have ranged from an intricate Disney princess castle for a Sweet 16 to an edgy Day of the Dead wedding cake, underneath all the artistry she remains first and foremost a chef. "To me, a cake is not worth decorating unless you can eat it," says Ditunno, who trained at the Culinary Institute of America and taught at the French Culinary Institute. "It's equally important that it tastes good."

Ditunno, an avid marathon runner who is currently writing a cookbook,

thrives on opportunities to push her own limits. She says she'd love to one day make cakes for artists like Tim Burton, Trent Reznor, and David Bowie. And she's well on her way, having recently created a cake of cascading silver LPs and black and ivory keys for Natalie Cole's 60th birthday. The third season of *Amazing Wedding Cakes*, premiering this month, showcases Ditunno's transition into more structural cakes.

Her tenacity for life spills over into her affinity for ink. "It's like a sick addiction," she says. "There's nothing like the energy you get from it." Ditunno's half sleeves feature tribal ink on her left arm and a collage of flames, an Asian dragon, and a band of hot rod planes on her right. Her chest bears an anatomical-style sacred heart by her friend Mark Bray of American Classic Tattoo in Athens, GA. On her lower back, a phoenix bathed in shades of turquoise, red, and yellow by Carmine at Tattoo Tentacles Studio, in Aghero, Italy, commemorates a trip to Sardinia. And considering her luck and success, perhaps her most telling pieces are the jagged-edge five-leaf clover and golden horseshoe that mark the insides of her ankles. —Marie Elizabeth Oliver





Chuck Hughes's British Columbia Salmon Tartare

Serves 6, generously

Baguette or any day-old bread
 ¾ cup olive oil
 Montreal seasoning
 2 lbs. slash-grade British Columbia salmon, skinned and cut into small cubes
 2 tomatoes, roughly chopped (larger than dice)
 Zest of 2 lemons
 ¼ cup capers, chopped
 Handful chopped fresh parsley
 Handful chopped celery leaves
 Handful snipped chives
 ¼ cup fresh horseradish
 Green Tabasco sauce to taste

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Cut bread into 1-inch cubes, place in a hot pan, drizzle with ½ cup of the olive oil, and sprinkle with Montreal seasoning. Toss until golden brown, then finish in the oven until crispy. Set aside. Toss salmon and tomatoes with lemon zest, capers, parsley, celery leaves, chives, remaining oil, horseradish, and green Tabasco. Season with salt and pepper to taste, then top with the croutons and enjoy.

CHUCK HUGHES

Meet the face of the new Cooking Channel: Chuck Hughes. Most of the week he mans the famed Montreal restaurant Garde Manger, and when he isn't there he's filming *Chuck's Day Off*. The show's premise is as simple and straightforward as its title. He cooks for the people in his life, ranging from family to close friends to his bakers and dishwashers. "I've been ordering bread from this guy for five years," he says. "I don't even place the order; it just shows up every morning and I just get what's fresh. I sign for it, and he goes away. I didn't even know his name! So I wanted to cook for him. That's what my show is about."

His approach to life is similarly no-nonsense. "I cook what I want to eat," Hughes says. "Complicated food is so annoying. I let ingredients speak for them-

selves." His body art reflects his love of food. Each wrist features a curly word in cursive: *bacon* on one, *arugula* on the other. His chest has a piece of lemon meringue pie alongside a beautiful array of juicy pomegranates with the word *bittersweet* inked below, and there's a sprawl of oysters for good measure.

"What else am I gonna put on my body but the things that I love?" he says. "I grew up wanting to be a biker... so my first tattoo was this one," he says, rolling up his left sleeve to reveal a forearm inked with the word *Mom* and a skull and flames. "She wasn't impressed!" Apparently, as time marched on, the theme of his body art morphed from "I Love Mom" to "I Love Mom's Apple Pie." —Rachel Aydt



R1A

GET TO KNOW **RUBY ROSE**,
AUSTRALIA'S HOTTEST MTV
VJ AND ONE OF THE WORLD'S
BIGGEST SEX SYMBOLS. ➡➡

BY ALISON PRATO | PHOTOS BY WARWICK SAINT



Veda leather vest;
Agent Provocateur
bra; Vein and Baby
Alpaca body jewelry.



R

uby Rose is not a household name in America—yet—but in her native Australia, she's a bona fide It Girl. The 24-year-old model-turned TV host first turned heads during MTV Australia's search for the next big VJ when the competition called for playing the Century Club game (downing 100 shots of beer in 100 minutes) against Ben Margera. It was no easy feat, but she held her own and gamely completed other challenges like taking to the streets of Sydney to lock lips with strangers. Needless to say, she got the job—and the country's obsession with her only began there. The outspoken, outgoing beauty has also earned respect as one of the few openly gay female celebrities in the country, even being chosen as one of the 25 Most Influential Gay and Lesbian Australians. As if that's not cool enough, she's also covered in ink.

INKED: How many tattoos do you have, and which was your first?

RUBY ROSE: I don't actually know how many I have. If you counted them individually it would be, like, 30 or something, but some of them are grouped together as one piece. As for my first one, I lived in Germany when I was 16, and I came back home with a tongue ring. My mom was like, "Get that filthy thing out of your mouth." She said if I got rid of the piercing I could get a tattoo.

What did you get? It's a typical tramp stamp, with a rose and an architectural design around it. It's ridiculous. It's such a 16-year-old's tattoo. I would never get that now. But I would never get it removed either. It's one of my favorites because it was my first.

Did you know it was called a tramp stamp at the time, or was that term coined later? No! That came out after. I was only 16, and any 16-year-old with a tattoo was, like, the coolest person ever. I was the only person in my whole school with a tattoo, but when I was 18, I saw hundreds of other girls with tattoos in the same spot, and I was like, "Aw, man."

What else do you have? Boxing gloves on my shoulder blade [in honor of her godfather, top boxer Lionel Rose], a cross on my arm. ... I don't think when my mom said I could have my first tattoo she anticipated that five years later I'd be completely covered head to toe in ink.

What does Mom think now? She's accepted it. And now she has, like, three tattoos. Every woman in my family has a tattoo, but none of the men do. Even my grandma has a small tattoo on her ankle.

Any war stories from the tattoo shop? I got *Meow* written inside my lip, and that was the most painful one. It's so weird, putting a needle right on your face. Clearly I'll never have cosmetic surgery, because that was scary enough for me. Also, the inside of your arm hurts so much. I know you're not supposed to, but halfway through getting my sleeve redone, I was like, "Okay, that's it. I need some whiskey right now! Lots and lots of whiskey!" By the end of it, I was like, "It doesn't hurt anymore!" But then I tried to stand up and I couldn't.



Agent Provocateur
corset; Cavi
jeans; King Baby
necklaces and ring



...ho rotto....Ma giuro che

nel giorno niente d'

Do you have a favorite tattooer? I've gotten tattoos in Canada, Czech Republic, L.A., but the ones I get in Australia are by Rhys Gordon from Inner Vision—he's world-renowned. He's done about seven on me.

Have you ever met anyone with a Ruby Rose tattoo? I never thought I'd be saying yes to this question, but, yeah, there are a few of them out there. One time I was deejaying in Brisbane, and after the gig, a girl came up to me and was like, "I love you so much. Your gig was amazing. Can you sign my arm?" I was so drunk—I'm surprised I even signed my name with the correct lettering. I signed it in a thick black text, but she had this beautiful tattoo underneath, and I kind of wrote over that, not thinking about it, and the next day she put a picture up on Twitter, and she had my signature tatt'd there! There have been three or four others who've gotten my autograph off the Internet and had it tattooed on. It's the ultimate in respect and flattery, but then I'm like, Oh my god, in 10 years I'm gonna get, like, 50 invoices for people's tattoo removal laser surgery.

As an MTV VJ, you interview loads of musicians. Who's got the best ink? John Mayer has some of the finest art. He was showing me his tats and I was just like, "Damn you! I love that! I wish I had that!" I get tattoo envy. Pink's got a couple of really cool ones. The Cypress Hill boys and the Wu-Tang boys have awesome ones as well—really old-school mixed with new ones.

Did you know that Snoop Dogg recently got his first tattoo? Really? I would've thought he had stacks. That is so funny. Funny thing about that is that American Idol Kelly Clarkson has, like, 10 tattoos. Snoop didn't have one until now, and Kelly Clarkson has 10? Bizarre.

What are some of the lamest tattoos you've seen? You can't just get ink—you have to have a personality for it. It's a bit silly when someone goes into a store and is like, "All my friends have tattoos, and it's my 25th birthday and I haven't got one yet, so I'll take the one with the naked lady." Or people who get big Asian writing all down their arm and they don't even know what it means. Or people who get the Playboy bunny logo. The fact that anyone has that creeps me out. I'm a bit of an ink snob.

You came out of the closet at the age of 12, and now the media is obsessed with your sexuality. What was your experience in terms of coming out? When I first came out in school, it was really hard. I got bullied. It was the scariest thing I ever did before I did it, because I didn't know how people would react, or if I'd lose my job or if people would hate me. But since I [came out] I didn't have to sacrifice that much. Except everyone is now trying to work out who I'm dating. It's not a negative thing, like, "Gross, she's gay." It's more like, "Wow, she's gay—she must be dating everyone she's ever met that's a female."

Let's clear this up. Word on the street is that you're engaged to model Catherine McNeil. What's the story? I think everyone knows I'm in a happy relationship—and who I'm with.

Are you more attracted to girls with tattoos? It would be hard to be attracted to someone who didn't have a tattoo. I'd be like, "There's all that prime real estate! What are you doing? Just one! Just a little one!"

"IT WOULD BE HARD TO BE
ATTRACTED TO SOMEONE
WHO DIDN'T HAVE A TATTOO."



Koda leather
vest; Agent
Provocateur bra;
Betsey Johnson
leggings; Vain
and Baby Alpacas
hoof jewelry

Stylist: Ric Knight
Hair: Luke Baker for
See Management
Makeup: Benjamin
Puckey for See
Management
Location:
GoldBee NYC



JOY Ride

BY ADAM LEVINE
PHOTOS BY
CHRIS MCPHERSON

MAROON 5'S ADAM LEVINE
IS HAPPIEST WHEN HE'S ON THE ROAD.

AUGUST 2010 45

For me, there is nothing more exhilarating than being on a bike. The feel, the sound, the experience can't be duplicated. Riding links you to your surroundings in a fashion that no other mode of transportation can. Sure, you're able to see the country driving in a car, but you are also sitting in a climate-controlled box. On a bike you are vulnerable, volatile, and truly connected to the scenery, smell, and energy of your ride. I suppose the most free you could possibly be while traveling is skydiving—but fuck that. There is something animalistic, pure even, about the yearning to connect with your environment. Cruising in an open vessel tantalizes your sense of feel while allowing your auditory perception to get back to its roots.

It seems as though the world is a bit too overstimulated these days. Perhaps this is why I enjoy the simplicity of riding. The soothing, almost rhythmic nature of a Harley's roar combined with vast, scenic landscapes create a Zen-like experience unmatched by any other I've ever had. Riding has enriched my life in ways I've never thought possible.

Maroon 5 made our new album, *Hands All Over*, in Switzerland. We wanted to get away from the influence of contemporary American music, and I had a conversation with myself on the seat of a motorcycle while I traveled through three European countries in one day. Two of my buddies and I took off on bikes and went on a 500-mile excursion through the Alps, and ended up in Saint-Tropez in the middle of the summer. It was incredible—creatively the freest I've ever felt.

The companionship of riding is also unique. So much is shared with just a glance or a smile. There is very little talking. When you ride with a pack, there is an unspoken, childlike energy exchanged that often replaces words. We are Harley people. And the ethos commonly shared by Harley people is the idea that riding is about the journey, not the destination. One aspect of our tour I'm enjoying is tooling around the places where we are playing, capturing the soul of areas that are new to me.

Another thing I enjoy about Harley culture is the freedom to make your ride your own. The after-market

possibilities are endless, but I stay in the framework of keeping the colors mainly black and chrome. I'm partial to the clean, classic two-tone aesthetic—and the same goes for my taste in tattoos.

I got my first one a couple of weeks after 9/11. My oldest and best friend Jesse and I were so flipped out about what had happened that we wanted to get something peaceful permanently scratched onto our bodies. Our buddy Yarrow had just drawn this amazing little dove for the Red Cross. We went down to Bob Roberts' Spotlight Tattoo on Melrose, and Baby Ray, the old-school tattoo legend, slapped it on my arm in 10 minutes and then sent me across the street to get him a pack of cigarettes. I was 21 and I guess that was kind of like my hazing into the world of tattoos.

The piece most people compliment is the tiger on my right arm. It was done by my main tattoo artist, Bryan Randolph at New York Adorned, and I think he placed it perfectly. I trust what he says about size and placement. It's important to have that trust with someone who permanently paints your body on a consistent basis.

I had an amazing time riding with my dad this Father's Day. A couple of times throughout the course of the day we just looked over at each other and smiled. What made it so special was that he doesn't ride that much anymore. When I was growing up he rode all the time and I was constantly worried about him, but as you get older you end up becoming your parents and doing the same shit they did. And so, three years ago I caught the motorcycle bug. I wasn't built to be reckless, so I am aware of the mantra "If you ride a motorcycle it's not a matter of if you crash, it's just a matter of when." Looking at a busy street I don't see cars and buses passing. I see bullets whizzing by.

My dad and stepmom used to ride together. Seeing couples ride together is pretty badass. I'm torn on the whole thing because of the danger factor. Whoever I end up marrying will probably be smart enough to tell me that when I have kids I'm going to have to stop riding. I don't know if I'll be able to get rid of my motorcycles, but if I get away with riding for 15 years then I will most likely follow in my father's footsteps and keep the god-damned things in the garage. ■



GROOMING: KELLY HENSON; HAIR: SMAUL; AT SHAMPOO ON 2ND; STYLING: ARISTOTLE CIRCA



SPECIAL OPS

Kit up with military-inspired
watches and wear.

PHOTOS BY THOMAS LIGGETT

STANDARD ISSUE

Clockwise, from top left: Metropark
Cadet hat, metropark.com; Express
sweater, express.com; Fjällräven
Oban jacket, fjallraven.us; Diesel
DZ1318 watch, deiseltimeframes.com;
Alternative Apparel canvas satchel,
alternativeapparel.com; Converse by
John Varvatos Bosey boot, converse.
com; G-Star pants and belt, g-star.com.



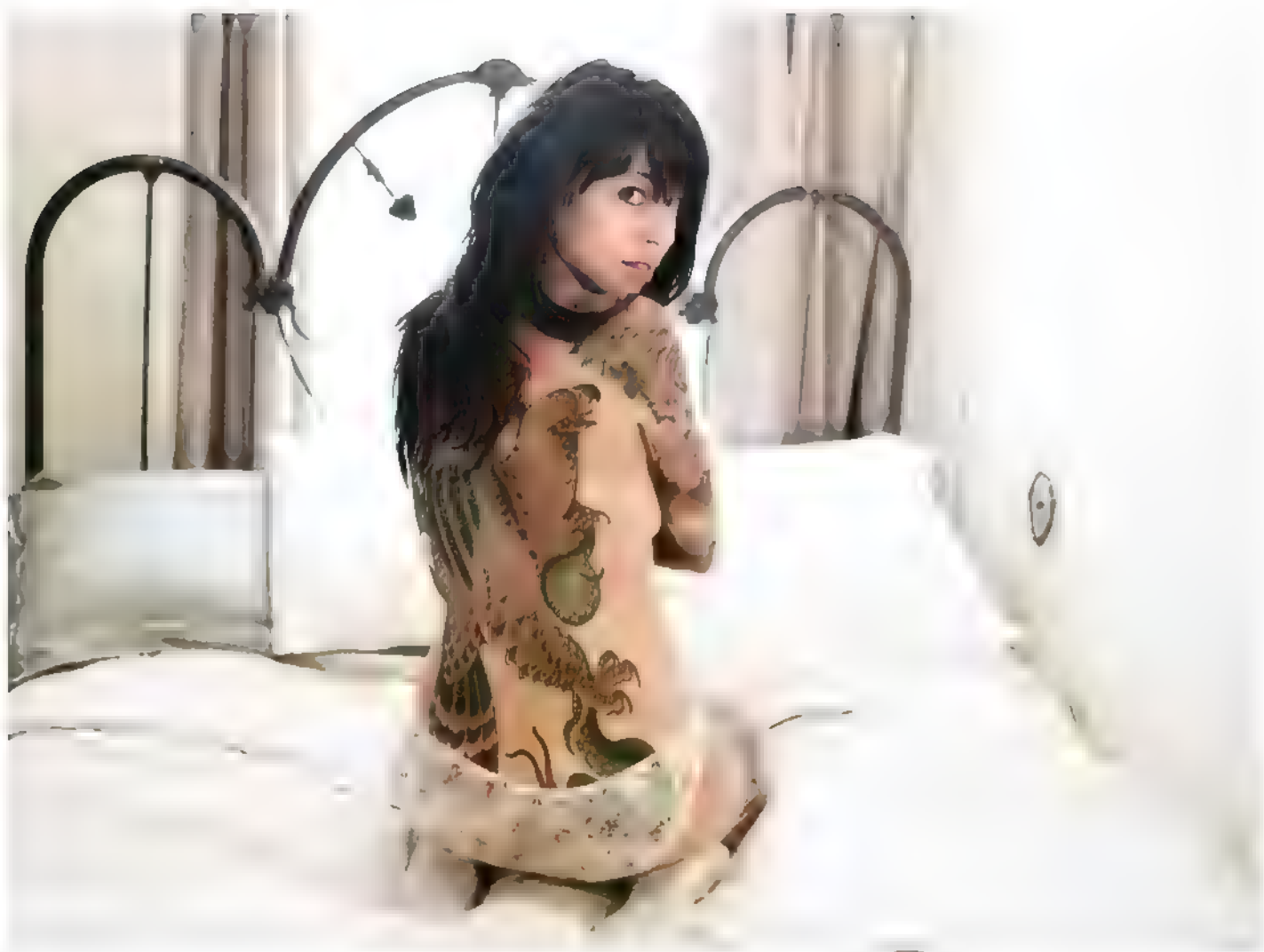
WAR TIME

Clockwise, from top left: Marc Ecko Flyaway watch, shopecko.com; Nixon Time Teller watch, karmaloop.com; Movado Bold watch, 888-4-MOVADO; Zodiac ZMX 03 watch, zodiacwatches.com; Coach Tyler watch, macys.com; Brera Orologi Militare watch, neimanmarcus.com. **Prop styling:** Angela Campos





PHOTOS BY
MARLEY KATE
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LOOKING AT HER INK-COVERED BODY, it'd be logical to assume that Marilyn Rondon is a "biker chick." The only caveat: Her two-wheeler is the kind without an exhaust pipe. "On a perfect day I'd grab a grilled cheese with bacon, then ride my bike aimlessly around Manhattan before stopping to get day-drunk. Pretty ideal, right?" Rondon asks. We think so.

This Brooklynite's job as a bartender leaves plenty of time for partaking in such fun. "The hours are ideal since I'm not a morning person and the money is consistent. But it can definitely be annoying dealing with drunk people when you're exhausted and not in the mood to be friendly." Luckily for her customers, Rondon not only opens beer bottles with her teeth (you decide: impressive or really impressive) but also dishes out advice like a good bartender, no matter how irritating lightweighters can get.

Take her responses to those who ask about her ink. "People are usually like, 'Oh my God! Where'd you get your ink?' It's pretty annoying but I'm usually super nice and guide them toward a good tattoo artist. God knows everyone is always looking to get a new or first tattoo."

And good artists are one thing Rondon knows well, having worked at a tattoo shop where her coworkers did most of her pieces, including the badger on her shoulder by Amanda Wachob (see profile on page 84) and the wairus on her calf courtesy of Ryan Mason. Nope, no deeper symbolism there. "I just love animals!" she explains. Go get 'em, tiger. —Melanie Rud

The Lake & Stars bodysuit.
Opposite: Vintage Wrangler
jeans shorts, sty list's own
bracelet. Page 50: Urban
Outfitters top, Top Shop
underwear. Page 52: Top
Shop underwear; American
Apparel socks. Page 53:
Alternative Apparel dress.





Stylist: Allison Miller
Hair: Amber Duarte for
Shu Uemura Art of Hair
Makeup: Rika Shimada using MAC
Photo assistant: Valentina Muntoni





VINCE NEIL

One of rock's biggest ruffians has turned into a bona fide mogul. He discusses his business ventures, raises the bar on his notorious reputation, and declares that Mötley Crüe is a *corporation*.

BY RICHARD BIENSTOCK

Vince Neil may be best known as the platinum-haired singer for L.A. bad-boy rockers Mötley Crüe, but the voice of such hair-metal classics as "Dr. Feelgood," "Shout at the Devil," and that perennial strip club anthem "Girls, Girls, Girls" has range. The 49-year-old Neil keeps his accountant busy with his hand in everything from tequila (Tres Rios), wine (Vince Vineyards, in Napa), and nightclubs (Fee Goods Rock Bar & Grill) to gambling (the Off the Strip Poker Tournament), a private airline charter (Vince Neil Aviation), and, with two Las Vegas-based outposts of Vince Neil Ink, tattoos.

To this varied list of pursuits he can also add the esteemed title of author. Neil, whose exploits with Crüe bandmates Nikki Sixx, Tommy Lee, and Mick Mars were famously documented in the band's 2001 best-selling autobiography, *The Dirt*, has now penned his own personal memoirs, *Tattoos & Tequila*, written in collaboration with *Esquire* magazine's Mike Sager. The new tome (there's also a companion CD of the same name) recounts Neil's journey from the streets of Compton—yes, Compton—to the top of the world with the Crus, and the many highs and lows he's experienced along the way. Meaning, of course, there's plenty of boozin', brawlin', druggin', and rockin' to go around, as well as enough girls, girls, girls to make the Marquis de Sade stand up and applaud.

Neil, naturally, handles it all in characteristically debauched—and sometimes downright depraved—fashion. How depraved, you ask? Let's just say that after the first few pages of his book, you'll never look at an egg burrito the same way again.

INKED: You've said that the phrase "tattoos and tequila" basically describes your life. Sounds like a pretty good life to me.

VINCE NEIL: It's a very good life. But it's also my business: I've got two tattoo shops in Vegas, and I've owned a tequila company for years. Put 'em together and you've got me.

What led you to open your own shop? I love tattoos, and I figured this way I could get 'em done for free. And I always wanted to have one. A while back, a friend of mine, a real rock fan who works with Harrah's, came to me and asked if I would be interested in opening up a shop at their hotel in Lake Tahoe. And I said, "Yeah, absolutely." So I went out there, and together we found a great spot for it. But the health laws are a little weird in that city and we wound up dropping the idea.

It was just too tough to do. Fast forward a few years, and my guy is now the president of Harrah's in Vegas. And he said, "Hey, you still wanna do a shop? I got the perfect spot for you." And it was right on the Strip. That's like saying to someone, "Wanna open a boutique on Rodeo Drive?" So we partnered up and opened the first one in 2006. And now we have a second one over at the Rio, which is also owned by Harrah's.

What was your first tattoo? My first tat was a snake on a musical note. It's on my left biceps, though at this point it's kind of hard to pick out.

How old were you? I think I was 18 or 19. I was a little late to that party, I guess. But I remember thinking at the time that it was a huge piece. But you always feel your first one's too big.

You have a Mötley Crüe tat on your left arm as well. I've noticed the other guys in the band all have similar ones. That was my second and it's right underneath the snake. We got those together. We were playing a show in Memphis pretty early on, maybe '82 and a tattoo artist came backstage and was like, "Hey, any of y'all wanna get tattooed?" And at the same time we all just went, "Yeah!" So we put the band name on everybody's arm.

Do you know how many you have at this point? Well, my arms are sleeved, and then I have big pieces everywhere else. So I usually just tell people I have six—two arms, two legs, my back, and my front. [Laughs.]

Any you regret? No. I love 'em all. Each one is a memory. Kind of like the songs on my albums.

Come on, given the number of women you've been with, there must be names of at least a few ex-girlfriends inked somewhere on your body. Nope, only the names of wives. And they've all been covered up—except for the one I'm married to now, of course.

Legend has it you once polished off an entire bottle of tequila during a marathon tattooing session. That's true. It was seven hours in the chair. I got a big mermaid on the side of my leg. Needless to say, I don't remember getting the tattoo inked at all. But one bottle, one session, done.

And now you own a tattoo shop as well as a brand of tequila. Full circle, my friend. I've had the tequila label for about four years now. It actu-

"Well, my arms are sleeved, and then I have big pieces everywhere else. So I usually just tell people I have six [tattoos]—two arms, two legs, my back, and my front."

ally came about because, before that, I had a winery. And when you're in the alcohol business you meet a lot of other people that own alcohol businesses. I met the family that makes this tequila, and I tasted it and it was incredible. So we partnered up. Everything is done in copper, copper tubing, copper vats. There's no aftertaste. It's very, very clean. It's the best stuff out there.

Better than Sammy Hagar's Cabo Wabo brand? Well, here's a "fernstance." About a month ago there was an alcohol convention in Vegas where they judged 900 different tequilas. I won the bronze medal. So we make it right.

You've become something of a mini mogul. You even have your own airline charter company, Vince Neil Aviation. That came about more recently. I live in Vegas, but I also have a home in San Francisco. So I split my time. It got real expensive. So it ended up being cheaper to buy my own plane. And then I thought, If people wanna use the plane when I'm not in town, I'll just charter it out. So now I have two planes in Vegas, a Hawker and a Lear, and I'm in the process of adding two based out of New York. And we made it real rock and roll, put hot-rod flames on them and stuff.

What are some of the perks of flying Vince Neil? You get alcohol, of course. And we do offer stewardesses.

Can you get those to-order? Well, stewardesses are stewardesses. They're all pretty hot.

I thought it was pretty ballsy of you to give each of your three ex-wives space in *Tattoos & Tequila* to write about life married to Vince Neil. Was it eye-opening to read what they had to say? You know what? I haven't really finished reading the book yet. I've been too busy. But I thought it was a great idea to get the exes to write something. I'm sure they didn't have too many good things to say about me.

Needless to say, none of them really attested to your fidelity. If you had to put a number on it, how many women would you say you've had? I couldn't even say. But you know, whenever people start giving numbers, I always feel like, "Come on, gimme a break."

Okay, then. How many in a single 24-hour day?

Oh, four or five, easy. So over the years it adds up.

You were also one of the first celebrities to get wrapped up in a sex-tape scandal. So you paved the way for all these Internet wannabes. And they still always claim they don't know how the tape leaked. Well, look, a lot of people put out tapes and then say they didn't do it. I really didn't do it. I was with these two girls [porn star Janine Lindemulder and *Penthouse* Pet Brandy Ledford], and I thought I had the tapes. But I didn't, and one of the girls sold 'em. But I took the approach where I just didn't talk about it. I figured if I didn't say a word, it would eventually just go away.

One thing most people probably don't know about you is that you grew up in Compton. That's pretty hard-core. Oh, yeah. I was there from about the mid-'60s to the mid-'70s. It was a pretty scary place. But when I first moved there it wasn't. It was just a lower-middle-class, affordable neighborhood. But then the gangs started coming in, and before you know it, things got pretty crazy.

That said, you can hold your own. In the book you say that 15 minutes into your first gig with Mötley Crüe, you were off the stage, beating the snot out of somebody in the audience. Those were crazy days. But I mean, nobody knew who we were, and we didn't exactly look normal. So people would see Mötley Crüe and be like, "What the hell is this?" People wouldn't even stand near the stage when we played. So there were some good bar fights back then, where it was just like, "Fuck you, buddy!"

You've also come to blows over the years with your bandmates. But you don't give Nikki or Tommy very high marks as fighters. Well, the thing is, it's not about who can beat up who. We fight like brothers fight. When you're around somebody as much as we're around each other, you're gonna have disagreements, and sometimes it's gonna get physical.

But you've never thrown a punch at Mick. No, no. Never. He'd break 'n half!

Before you joined Mötley Crüe, Tommy played you some music they had been working on together, and you say you didn't know whether to vomit or laugh. You weren't impressed? Mötley didn't exist before I joined. The first song

the band wrote was "Live Wire," and I was there with them for that. Maybe what I meant to say was that I had that reaction the first time Tommy showed me a picture of the guys. [Laughs.] That sounds about right to me.

Your description of your current arrangement with the band makes it sound like it's more about business than pleasure. Well, everybody has wives and girlfriends and families now. It's not like we still live together like in the old days. I don't even live in L.A. anymore. My arrangement with the band just gives me more freedom to do my own things. I'm not tied down, and I don't have to ask anybody's permission because it's part of a corporate deal. And Mötley Crüe is a corporation. If they need me to do a tour or an album we work it out.

You're not so concerned with the day-to-day operations. I'm only concerned about the albums and the tours. If there's a decision to be made about, say, what artwork is going to go with a particular record display, I really don't care—I know it's gonna look good. There's enough people working for us. They don't need to call me for every little thing.

You're vocal about the fact that you feel your bandmates didn't support you during your times of need. Does it still sting that, they weren't there for you? Well, yeah. They just didn't really give a shit, which is terrible. That's why I'm not so involved in everybody's life today. I do my own thing. It's better that way. And with the car accident [in 1984 Neil was charged with a DUI and vehicular manslaughter; shortly after this interview he was arrested on suspicion of another DUI] they just thought that I had ruined their lives. They couldn't see it any other way.

You claim to have never read *The Dirt*. Really? Well, I read my parts. But it's actually tough for me. I have dyslexia, so it takes me a long time to get through something.

What's the status of the film adaptation of *The Dirt*? It was all set to go. The script was done, we approved it, David Fincher was set to direct. But then the head of Paramount left, and usually in those situations the new guy tends to not want to do what's been left over by the old guy. So it was just bad timing. But now I'm hearing rumors that Lionsgate or another company went ahead and bought the rights. So it may still happen. We'll see. ■



TWO FOR THE ROAD

CHRISTOPHER
HARRIS





On Tanner, Henrik
Vibskov jacket; Won
Hundred top; Levi's
jeans; Converse
sneakers. On Daniel,
Henrik Vibskov shirt;
MCMC pants; Billy
Reid shoes.

On Daniel, Factory by Erik Hart cardigan, G-Star shirt, Obey T-shirt, Affliction Black Premium denim jeans, Macbeth sneakers. On Tanner, Oasis shirt; G-Star jeans, Osborn shoes, S. Yamane necklace. On Ali, Diesel jacket, Minmarket top, Sena dress; Ariel e de Pinto necklaces.





100
Hundred
tank top
S. Yamak
necklace





On Daniel, Surface to Air shirt;
Duckler pants; Ndoka watch.
On Ali, Obey tank top; Bless
cardigan; L'Or Angel necklaces;
Good & Beautiful shoes.

G-Star pants, Maubeth
shoes, Nooka watch,
S. Yamane necklaces,
Mykita glasses, Tokoro
T-shirt, Bless shirt






Models: Daniel with Ford Models;
Tanner with Adam; Ali with Q Models
Hair: Amber Duarte for Shu Uemura Art of Hair
Makeup: Erin Green using Bobbi Brown
1971 Dodge Challenger 440-6 4-speed convertible provided
by Jeff Nealand, aquasunpoolsandapas.com



LOWTOWN

A man with a short haircut and visible tattoos on his arms and neck is sitting on a black motorcycle. He is wearing an orange high-visibility vest over a dark shirt. He is looking back over his shoulder towards the camera. The background is a closed, brown metal roll-up garage door. To the left of the man is a white wall with some peeling paint and some green foliage at the bottom. The overall tone is gritty and documentary.

THE PORTRAIT OF A CITY IN DESPAIR,

AND THE TATTOOED MEN WHO PROTECT IT.

**BY ROCKY RAKOVIC
PHOTOS BY ROY RITCHIE**

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OFFICERS STEPHEN PETROFF
AND MICHAEL LOGAN

"THERE'S A MAN WITH A GUN INSIDE A RESIDENCE ON THE 1500 BLOCK OF Vinewood. Get going!" barks the man with a *Boondocks Saints* tattoo, Lieutenant Marty Stefan. Inside the Special Police Operations barracks of Detroit's Southwestern District, one of the finest of Detroit's finest, Officer Michael Logan is telling me about his ink, but the discussion ends abruptly. Logan, 220 solid pounds of man carrying what has to be 50 pounds of gear, barrels out the door and down a staircase. A black Ford Crown Victoria screeches to a stop outside the back door, and Logan and I jump in the back. "Who's this guy?" the plainclothes officer driving asks, peering in the rearview window.

"He's Rocky from *INKED* magazine," Logan says. "He's going to ride along with us tonight."

"He's coming to *this* call?" the officer shoots back.

He sounds incredulous, but he's also hauling ass out of the parking lot. Apparently, he's made up his mind to protect the people at the destination first and foremost. "You forgot to get him a flak jacket," he tosses back. Then he asks, "Hey Rock, what size shoe do you wear?"

Thinking that one's shoe size somehow designates his flak jacket size, I look at my John Varvatos Converse and answer, "Ten and a half."

"Good," the officer grunts. "After you get shot in the chest I can wear your sneakers."

Welcome to Detroit, one of the few towns synonymous with its main industry. Hollywood means movies, Washington D.C. means politics, and when CNN reports, "Detroit is working on hybrids," they mean the car business—and a good chunk of Detroit's citizens. During my time in Motown, there isn't one person I meet without a family member or friend who has earned a paycheck from an automotive company. And that includes Officer Logan, Officer Stephen Petroff (the sharp-witted cop driving), and Officer Walter Atkins, who is sitting shotgun and turns out to be a man so chill you'd think engine coolant is running through his veins.

The sad days for the city ended when Japan and Germany built back from World War II with a better product and/or price. In the 1950s, when many of the world's cars were made in Detroit, the city was one of the wealthiest in the country based on per capita income. In 2007, after decades of plant closings and layoffs, the Motor City had a higher proportion of people in poverty than any other large city in America, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. Then the recession hit and really kicked Detroit in the teeth. In late 2008, automobile sales dropped double digits in percentage to the worst they had been in 25 years—and there hasn't been a significant rebound yet. Michigan has the second-worst jobless rate of any state, and Detroit has the highest office vacancy rate in the nation. Business has been down for Detroit, and up for its police force.

"YOU'LL HEAR POLICE OFFICERS IN OTHER CITIES SAY THEY KEEP THE PEACE, BUT THERE ISN'T REALLY PEACE IN DETROIT"—OFFICER MICHAEL LOGAN



OFFICER MICHAEL LOGAN



The officers are the first responders to the call. Petroff and Atkins enter the house while Logan hangs back, watching and listening for trouble. He puts on his game face as he checks his weapons. I scan the street feeling like an unarmed target. After what feels like 20 minutes but is probably only two, another police car rolls up, poised to protect the city and the officers already on the scene. "You always know that you'll have backup," Logan tells me just as Petroff and Atkins return, saying it was a false alarm. "Even if you run alone into a building you know that as soon as something goes over the radio that there'll be 20 more police there in a second to get your back."

Logan's sentiment echoes Detroit's ethos of helping each other in these times. The city has a host of bums wearing last year's fashion, leading one to assume they lost it all when they lost their automotive jobs and had to rely on the compassion of their fellow Detroiters. In New York City, the panhandlers leave you alone if they read you as a local and prey on the wallets of unconditioned tourists instead, in Detroit, the beggars look you in the eye to see if you share in their struggle, moving on if they make you for an out-of-towner.

If you stand at Hart Plaza and look across the Detroit River to Windsor, Ontario, you'll see a gigantic casino with a Caesars sign that invites the promise of making a quick dime but has the decadence of a place that has swindled hard-earned dollars. When you survey Detroit's skyline, the Renaissance Center, home to GM's headquarters, pops. It is a silo-shaped structure built by the

hardworking people of the city that, in turn, once nourished the community with employment in better times.

BACK IN THE CAR, DRIVING AROUND THE WEAKENED CITY, I ASK THE BOYS IF DETROIT has a colloquial dish.

"You mean like how Philadelphia has the cheesesteak?" Atkins clarifies. "Detroit has crack."

We come across a middle-aged man in possession of what could be a car part or what could be a crack pipe, and what is probably both.

"Do you work?" Atkins asks him.

"Not now," the man answers. "I used to work at GM."

If anything is a man's identity, it's his job. A gig isn't just a place to go every day but a contribution to society. It gives a man his wealth and self-worth. Detroit is through and through a car city—their public transit trains are only two cars long—and your rep is based on what you drive, even if you don't have a job. Atkins talks about how many of the fly whips on the street are driven home to a shantytown. If Detroiters are showy, it's with their wheels. Atkins longs for an Escalade, Corvette, or Camaro, Logan says he'd prefer a '67 Pontiac GTO or '89 Charger. Any of these cars would require a second job for a police officer to obtain.

More impressive than the wheels they're eyeing in their future are the cars that catch their eyes while driving. With a head on a swivel from the shotgun

SOME TURN TO PROSTITUTION OR ROBBERY TO FEED THEMSELVES. SOME TURN TO DRUGS TO FORGET THEIR REALITY. SOME TAKE THEIR FRUSTRATION OUT ON ONE ANOTHER—AND SOME JUST LEAVE.

position. Atkins calls out cars like an NFL quarterback identifying the defense. "Red Pontiac," he chirps. The rest of the team recognizes the call; a car fitting the description matches one that was involved in a homicide a few days earlier, and the officers pounce on the vehicle. They don't even make Pontiacs anymore—another reminder that times are changing. Marvin Gaye, The Temptations, and Martha and the Vandellas once provided the good feelings of the Motown sound, but the city's contemporary troubadour is Eminem, who has done for Detroit what N.W.A. did for Compton.

The Crown Vic turns onto a poorly lit, run-down block, responding to the report of a young man with a gun wandering around and yeling. We come across him in an abandoned lot. The officers know the offender; he's a regular. He shouts at the police, and they answer with their own guttural sounds. It's the most exposed area in the neighborhood, and if he meant business, he probably wouldn't have been shouting or pacing out in the open. More gesticulating goes back and forth, waking up local dogs. The officers don't seem to fear him, and he, knowing the cops can't make a move without being provoked, continues his antics. He's hurting emotionally, is a little fucked up, and just wants another human to recognize his pain.

Detroit is a hard-luck town. In 2008 the Lions went an unprecedented 0–16. Earlier this year, Tigers pitcher Armando Galarraga had a perfect game denied by a bad call in the ninth inning. And even when something cool happens, it's dampened by negativity: In March, renowned graffiti artist Banksy painted a mural on a city wall, but a local art gallery cut out the 1,500-pound cinder block

canvas and took it away with a forklift. As Luis Croquer, director of the Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit, pointed out to the *Detroit Free Press* "In most other cities, you wouldn't be able to take a wall home."

We part ways with the man in the abandoned lot and walk back to the car. On the way, Logan warily points out the overwhelming stench of dog shit. "Dogs here are no joke," Atkins says. "A couple of weeks ago an American bulldog ate a baby. When they cut the dog open they found a baby's arm."

"You guys hungry?" Petroff asks.

After enough nods are collected Petroff asks me: "Rock, you ever been in a police car before?"

"Yep," I answer.

"Well, you haven't been in this one, so you're buying dinner," he says, haz-ny.

At a Mexican restaurant, past dinnertime—hell, past bedtime for most of the city—four more officers join us and we all throw down beef tongue tacos and shrimp fajitas. I ask, not counting the nature of the job, if this shift is easy on them, and they mention things they miss a lot: Tigers games, dates, and dinners with their families.

I ask Logan about the three blocks on his shoulder. "It was inspired by the tattoo model Apnea," Logan says. "I went even further and was inspired to fill in the blocks with the three characters from Lupe Fiasco's *The Cool* album. The characters are the cool [he points to: a skeleton hand], the streets [a heart on fire], and the game [a skull with dice in the eyes and smoke coming from the mouth]. The blocks were a plain yet unique design that needed my own spin, and



Lupe's album cover actually made a lot of sense to me in terms of the sacrifices we as people make to be cool and the misprioritization we place on things that are truly important—buying clothes when your baby needs diapers. ... Things of that nature. The tattoo is a constant reminder to me to keep that in perspective."

And discussion turns to lighter stuff. The guys are blowing off steam with locker room talk, mainly alpha male staples like, "You enjoyed frisking that guy, didn't you?"

Then Petroff announces, "Logan just got engaged."

Someone blurts out, "What's the lucky guy's name?"

When the laughter dies down, another cop pipes up between chews "Sorry, I didn't even say it yet. But it just hit me—congratulations, Logan."

Entrees and sodas for eight police officers comes to \$28 with the thank-you-for-protecting-the-neighborhood half-off discount

THERE IS A REPORT OF A BREAK-IN AT A SCHOOL NEARBY. BACK IN THE CAR, PETROFF drives a few minutes, then kills the lights on the car and inches up to a school building where a top-swinging window is propped open.

"Do you want to go in?" Logan whispers, in a way that leads me to think he'd rather chase the intruder inside than watch the exit.

"Can I?" I ask, not wanting him to worry about my safety if and when we navigate the treacherous maze inside.

"You signed the waiver," Logan states.

Yes, I signed a piece of paper that excludes my next of kin from any com-

pensation if I leave Detroit in a body bag. I climb through the window and trail the cops as they sweep classrooms. Then the K-9 unit arrives and announces they'll release the dog if the trespasser doesn't show. Knowing that our scent is the last on the entrance, we return to the car.

"I want to show you something," Petroff says, pointing the Crown Vic down a dusty residential street. We pull up to a dilapidated duplex and he shouts to the old man sitting on the porch, "Cruz here?"

The old man either doesn't hear or pretends not to.

Petroff speaks louder: "Is Cruz home?"

"I'll check," the man says, and ambles inside. From a floor above, the blinds move, then Cruz appears and invites us up. The officers climb a tired staircase and are met by the smiles of two full-bodied women at the door of the apartment. We walk over kids' toys and past three children watching cartoons, through the kitchen, and into what would be a baby's room but has been transformed into a tattoo studio. A customer getting work on his arm is either reeling from the needle or overwhelmed by five guys congregating in the cramped space.

"Cruz does most of the guys on the force," Petroff explains. "He's good and he's cheap."

We flip through Cruz Castellanos's book and stop on a back piece that reads "Detroit" in block gothic lettering with an eyeball inside the "o."

"That shit is hot," Atkins says. "That's the shit I'm going to get, only I want the eye dotting the 'i,' like I'm watching Detroit."

The officers let Cruz get back to work and return to the car to continue their





shift. A short while later, they pull over two suspicious-looking guys. Atkins exchanges pleasantries with one while Logan scans the other's arms, examining his tattoos. "Shitty tattoos often means shitty person," Logan explains. But he's not just checking the quality of the work, he's looking for gang-related tattoos.

Gangs are big on marking their territory and members. Throughout the city, gang marks on buildings are easier to pick out than street signs. Petroff mentions that a gang recently put out a hit on him, but the authorities thankfully caught wind.

I have to ask: Why do this? Why take a 7 p.m. to 3 a.m. shift on Detroit's Southwest side in harm's way? "To protect my city," Logan says. "You'll hear police officers in other cities say they keep the peace, but there isn't really peace in Detroit. . . It's just keeping shit from really hitting the fan."

"To be honest," Atkins says, "I wasn't the best kid and could have went to a bad place if it wasn't for a police officer who gave me a chance and put me right."

Petroff says he is a policeman because he couldn't stand the monotony of an automobile assembly line, but it is clear that he is a warrior who would be uncomfortable doing anything other than this. He's from a strong Macedonian family he's honored with an arm tattoo of Alexander the Great buttressed by three other local heroes (Gotse, Dame, and Nikola). His forearms feature brick blocks with the Macedonian spellings for "Stephen" and "George," his name and his kid's name.

We roll up to a tenement and a man directs, "Upstairs—he's got a weapon."

"At least we don't need to kick the front door down," Petroff notes, approaching the shattered glass of the building's door. The officers creep up the stairwell with quiet determination and purpose. At the domicile, Petroff huffs, "Open the door—Detroit PD."

Nothing.

"Open the door—Detroit PD!"

Nothing.

Eventually a man stripped to the waist opens the door. The officers rush in, secure the apartment, and start questioning the man and a young woman he refers to as his "girl." He gives up his weapon after some chatter but contradicts himself multiple times in his retelling of the altercation. His girl looks to him with intense fear before answering any direct questions from the officers. It's evident that not all her synapses fire as quickly as the average person's, she can't even spell her middle name. Later, I hear that the other party involved in the skirmish claims that the guy was "turning his girl out"—selling her body—and something went awry to cause the scuffle.

SOME TURN TO PROSTITUTION OR ROBBERY TO FEED THEMSELVES, SOME TURN TO drugs to forget their reality, some take their frustration out on one another—and some just leave. Motown was once home to almost 2 million people, and now the numbers are about half that in a metro area large enough to fit Manhattan, Boston, and San Francisco in its environs. And the most striking thing about Detroit is that amazing, well-kept homes sit next to vacant houses that have been transformed into crack dens.

The officers tell me of arson fires set not for insurance money but to smoke the crackhead squatters out of vacated houses. The neighborhoods are dying. Forty square miles of Detroit are vacant. One-third of the city is uninhabited. The mayor, Dave Bing, has a plan to knock down more than 10,000 houses and relocate families in a bid to save the entire city from collapse. Everybody is taking a hit, from teachers down to the police.

As we ramble at breakneck speed and rhythm thanks to the Crown Vic's failing transmission, which knocks us around like crash test dummies, Logan asks, "Is that the suspension going?"

"No, that's the transmission slipping," Petroff clarifies.

Almost on cue, the car bottoms out on a slight curvature in the road.

"That was the suspension."

The speed is necessary, as the officers are responding to a shooting about 25 minutes away. They make it in 15, relying on their iPhones for directions because the car's computer is busy rebooting. It should also be noted that the car's spotlight doesn't function. From the looks of it, these guys aren't getting proper support from the city. Luckily for Detroit, they run on piss, vinegar, and Faygo soda. I ask why the jurisdiction is so large and am told the borders have been redrawn recently. We arrive late to the fete; no less than four other cars beat out our bucket. There's a man in pinstriped shorts being verbally lambasted by an officer. "Oh, so you just shot your gun into the air, did ya? Are you familiar with gravity? What goes up."

Is the next part of that adage the trajectory on which Detroit is irreversibly headed? At one point it was the fertile "Automotive Capital of the World"—as it reads on the Detroit PD's crest—and now the wheels have fallen off.

"I say just blow it up," Logan mutters at one point. He's seen some shit. A few months ago, he returned to Detroit after serving in Afghanistan with the 738th Military Police Battalion, where he says he was almost killed in his REMs by death from above. "We were sleeping in tents and were woken up by it," he remembers of the incident. "It sound[ed] like an airplane, but airplanes trail away from you, and fire gets louder because it's coming at you. Also, it was so odd, because when you're fighting you're in your gear, but we were sleeping when our tent caught on fire so there were guys running around in their underwear, defenseless. I still get freaked out when I hear an airplane."

I don't ask him for a ride to the airport if we make it through the night, but I ask him about the differences between fighting in Afghanistan and patrolling Detroit and why, if he thinks the city can't be saved, is he risking his life to do just that?

He answers, "This is home." ■

INKED SCENE



"I'm not a perfectionist in all areas of my life by any means, but I really am when it comes to tattooing because that's a permanent thing for people—it's my card, it's my signature." —Jack Rudy



JACK RUDY

The legend talks about how, with his mentor Good Time Charlie Cartwright, he created a demand for black and gray work, single needle, and the Beatniks Car Club, an exclusive group whose members share a passion for "kustom kars."

GOOD TIME CHARLIE'S TATTOOLAND
2641 W. Lincoln Ave., Anaheim, CA

INKED: As one of the godfathers of black and gray tattooing, you're the best person to educate people on the basics. Can you describe the black and gray style?

JACK RUDY: It's something that has evolved over the years. Originally, when [Good Time] Charlie [Cartwright] and I started doing it, we called it "black and white," like the photography, but then realized—with skin tones being different and so forth—that "black and gray" was more accurate to what we were doing because it was, ya know, from solid black to every shade of gray imaginable. It originally was a California prison style that we adopted. Being the first ones to do it in a shop, it just started out with very humble beginnings and has evolved into what

it is today. It's a style with, obviously, no color, using solid black to the lightest shade of gray and everything in between, with a person's own skin as contrast. It's actually a difficult style to master; a lot of people try to do it, and many people can do it well, but there are a lot of people who can't.

What are the distinctions between fine line, single needle, and realism? Fine line and single needle used to be the same but now there's tight 3s that are so tight it is difficult to distinguish them apart from a single needle. So when you say *fine line* these days that includes tight 3s as well. Fine line just refers to the line work. You can do full color pieces and still use fine line as well. Realism is, of course, doing portraits, whether it be human or animal or what have you, or any other type of realism, like a bridge, for example. It can be anything that is done in a photographically realistic style.

What do you think are the elements of a good tattoo, black and gray or otherwise? I think that contrast is always an important factor; you know, sometimes using a dark background to make something right stand out. There are a lot of different aspects that make a tattoo good, regardless of what style it is: good line work, good shading, solid color—if that's what you're doing. It's more than just a good design; it's placement, it's the structure of it, where it's at. . . Can you tell what it is? Do you have to get right up on it? Because some miniature fine line stuff, you got to get right up on it to tell what it is, while other things you can read from across the room. Or if you're trying to do tribal, you want it as solid as possible. Does it move with the body? Does it go with that part of the body? There are so many factors that make a good tattoo good.

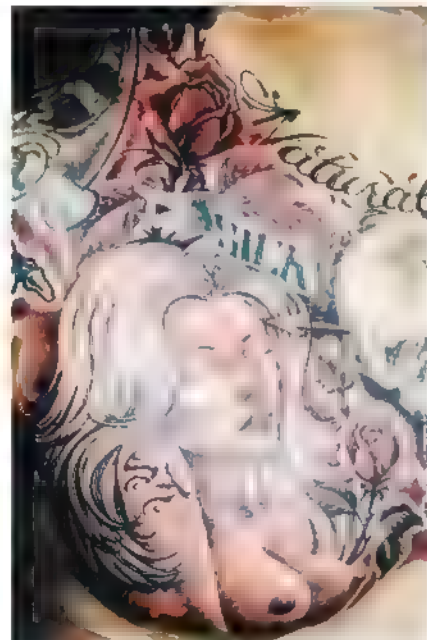
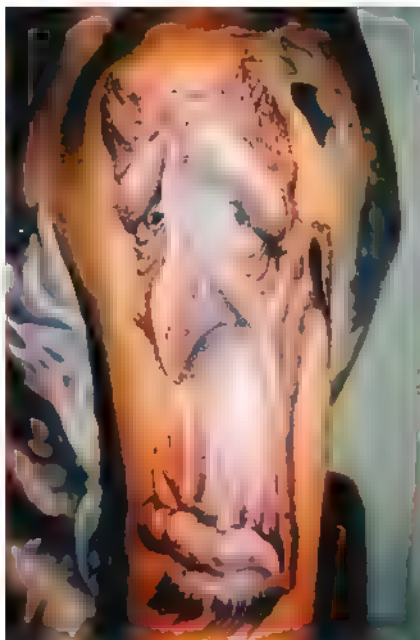
Why did you get into tattooing? Was there one thing that made you say to yourself, "I want to do this for a living"? Well, I don't think I thought about it in that way before I started because, even after I started, I had no idea that I would be doing this 35 years later. I mean, it's really hard to project that far into the future as to what am I going to be doing 35 years from now. I was just 21 when I started, and it was the first thing I'd really ever done that I really loved doing. But I wasn't tattooing very long before I thought, *Yeah, I'd like to do this as long as possible.* So I'm still going strong 35 years later!

What was it like doing your first tattoo? I actually started out by hand with one of my mom's sewing needles. It was about two years later when I made my first machine. As for my first tattoo, that was on myself, and so it was a little scary because I really didn't know what I was doing. But because it worked, it was really cool at the same time.

In past interviews, you've expressed your gratitude for having Good Time Charlie as a teacher. How did you hook up with him?



"I'd like to be remembered as a guy who always really cared about what he did and always did his best."



I first met Charlie when I was on leave from Marine Corps boot camp. A friend and I went to the Nu Pike in Long Beach [California] to get him a tattoo. We walked into the shop where Charlie was working and hit him up to tattoo my friend. We thought, *Okay, here's a cool-looking biker dude.* My friend asked for an all-black tattoo and Charlie replied that he liked doing tattoos without color. I went to work with Charlie the summer after I got out of the Marines and the rest is history, as they say.

Did you have a tough apprenticeship? No, because as it turned out, it was nothing like a normal apprenticeship where you start out as a gofer, work your way up to helper, and eventually tattoo. I did everything all at the same time. I was the gofer, the helper, and tattooing all at once.

What's the most important lesson that Charlie taught you? Well, he taught me so many important things it's kinda hard to say what was the most important one. I'd have to say this is right up there: Always do your best—really care about what you're doing and do your best on a person, or don't do it at all. That's something that I've subscribed to since the beginning, and I still fear that way to this day. If you're not gonna do your best on someone, then just don't do it! For whatever reason—if you don't feel good, if you don't like them, whatever the

hell the reason is—if you're not going to do your very best then don't do it at all.

How did you develop your signature single needle style? Do you still use single needle today? I still use single needle at least 80, 90 percent of the time. That's because of the kind of things that I still do so much of, like lettering, portraits, girls, et cetera. My style just developed. It started out, again, with very humble beginnings. As my art evolved, my single needle style evolved as well. Now I've been using single needle longer than anyone in the business—even though we started at the same time, Charlie quit tattooing for a few years before he came back, and now he's retired. So I've been using single needle solid for well over 34 years.

How often do you tattoo now at your shop, Good Time Charlie's Tattooland? It varies. Sometimes I can be in there maybe four times a week for a particular week, and then I might not be in there for a couple of weeks. It depends on how much I'm on the road, how many shows I'm going to, what art projects are due and stuff. It just varies, but I'm still in there quite a bit at times.

What tattoo conventions do you usually work? Most of the ones I go to, I do work at—about 10 to 12 a year. But I'm really trying to cut that back to

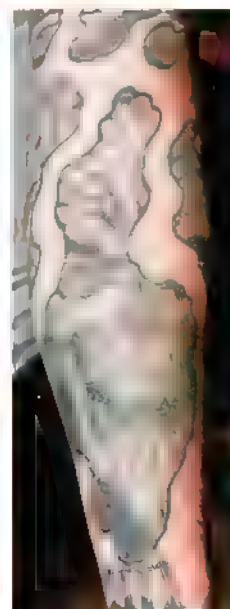
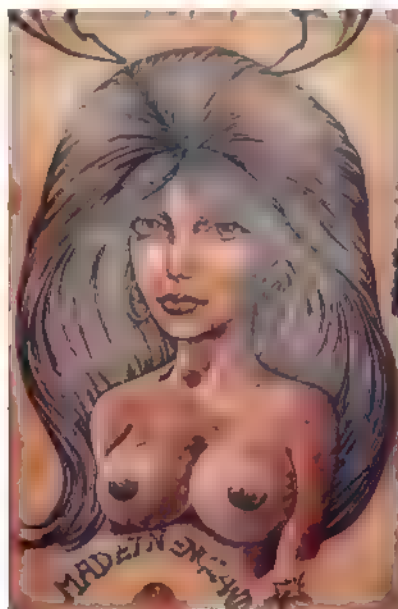
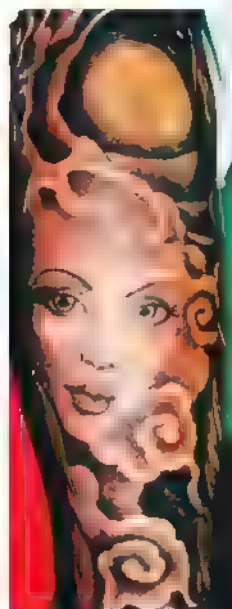
about half of that. ... I am still working at about 75 percent of the ones I go to. I like taking that break sometimes by not tattooing at a convention.

What are your favorite tattoos to do? One of my very favorite tattoos is the one I've done on my wife-to-be. Came. I really like the work I've done on her leg—a kind of abstract, sort of a vine, flowing, almost leaflike lacy piece. It's hard to describe, but when I get a chance, I like doing abstract kind of stuff. Also, I like doing faces of any kind: animal, vegetable, mineral, whatever. I love doing lettering. So those are some of my favorites, but I like a real variety of stuff. I don't like doing the same stuff all the time.

What won't you do? There's not a lot I won't do. I try to stay away from racist stuff, religious blasphemous stuff, and really negative things that I think could come back and bite that person in the ass real hard. I'd rather not be a part of that, even if they insist on having it. There are people that'll do anything on ya—you can always find people that will just do whatever the customer may want—but those are a few things that I really try to avoid.

Beyond tattooing, you also have a passion for classic cars and hot rods, and you cofounded the Beatniks Car Club, which counts many tattoo artists and collectors among its mem-

"The original beatniks ... were the first group of nonconformists—which we all are to some degree or another. They were antiestablishment, antiauthority."



bers. What's the connection between tattoo art and customizing '50s-style cars and rods?

For the Beatniks, this is a club that is 18 years old and counting, and all of the members are very heavily tattooed. There are a lot of tattoo artists in the club as well, but it's not exclusive to tattoo artists by any means. All of the Beatniks share a love for tattoos and tattoo art. There are quite a few artists in the club as well who are not tattooers. For us, it's just part of the deal. There are a lot of people that are into old hot rods and customs who are not tattooed and don't have any desire to get any. For us, it's just always been part of the whole lifestyle. With most of us as artists, that talent shows in our cars, in our kustoms and hot rods as well.

Membership to the Beatniks is exclusive, so what does one have to do to join? It's a long-term commitment because we only want people in that really want to be in, and for the right reason: the love for tattooing and art in general, old customs and hot rods, and antique stuff. We're a group of like-minded individuals who share a love for the '40s, '50s, and early '60s lifestyle. The original beatniks, who started in the '50s, were the

first group of nonconformists—which we all are to some degree or another. So we identify with these guys that were very *hep* and *kool* and had their own lingo. They were antiestablishment, antiauthority, and we share that view as well. To join this club, though, it requires at least a two-year commitment, at minimum, to even join. Not easy to get in at all.

How many cars do you have, and how much time do you spend on them? Well, I never get to spend enough time on them, ever. I always want to spend a lot more time on them—and do a lot more of the work myself. But between my art projects and traveling and all the other shit I do, it's really difficult. I have five old cars: only two are driveable. That just goes to show you how much time I don't have to work on them. Two more are going to be on the road this year. The last one will probably take a couple of years to complete once I get started on it.

Between tattoos and cars, do you have time for any other projects? I like a lot of things but, yeah, between tattoo conventions and car shows I don't have nearly as much time as I'd like for other things that I'm also interested in. I have a lot of interests

outside of tattooing, and I'm hoping that someday soon I'm going to be able to pursue more of those.

After more than three decades of tattooing, do you see yourself retiring in the near future?

Uh, yeah, if I hit the lottery, I'm done tomorrow. But until that happens, I'm just going to keep plugging away at it. I don't know what the future holds. I still enjoy it. I still like what I'm doing. I'm also trying to do other things, not necessarily tattoo-related, to help in that area. But unless I get an incredible cash payday, I'm gonna keep doing this for a while.

When you're gone, what do you want to be remembered for?

Hopefully that's not going to be for a long, long time. As far as tattooing goes, I'd like to be remembered as a guy who always really cared about what he did and always did his best. I'm not a perfectionist in all areas of my life by any means, but I really am when it comes to tattooing because that's a permanent thing for people—it's my card, it's my signature, and I always want it to look the best I can make it. That's kind of a trippy question; I've never been asked that before. —Marisa Kakoulas



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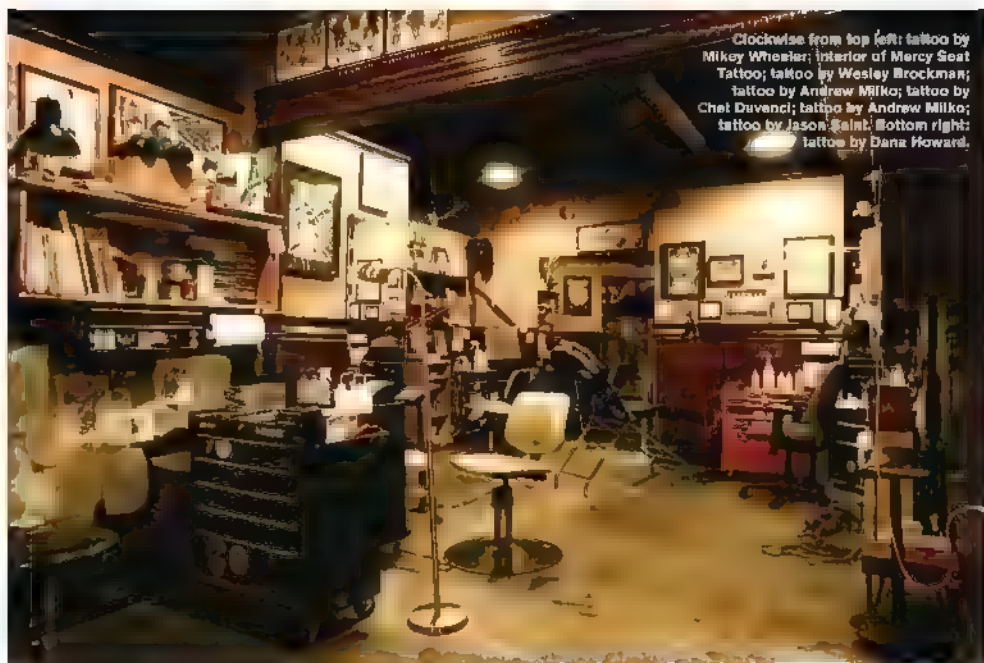
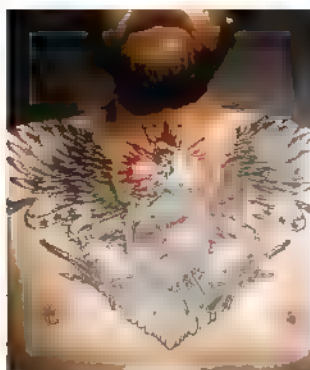
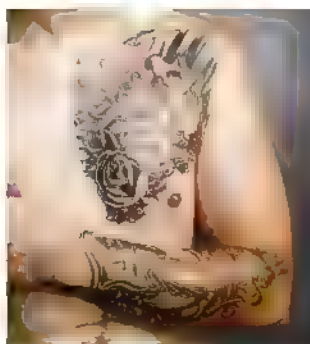
Within the tattoo industry, Kansas City, MO, is the Galapagos Islands. Well, at least according to Mercy Seat Tattoo Studio owner Chet Duvenci. "What I've taken from a lot of my travels, working on the West Coast and working on the East Coast, is that a lot of people dismiss the Midwest and write off its culture," he explains. "But with the East Coast not caring what we're doing, and the West Coast not caring what we're doing, we have this whole tattoo culture allowed to flourish with no real outside influence. I mean, you walk through Kansas City and you'll see so many neck tattoos and just a really heavily tattooed population here. I wish I was responsible for all of it."

Opened in the summer of 2005, the first Mercy Seat shop is located on the edge of the Power & Light District, a budding downtown development. "At first, downtown Kansas City was abandoned, so if people were coming to see us, it was because they knew our shop was there. It's not like we had one person that was walk-in traffic," admits Duvenci. "In the last five years, a lot more has popped up around us, so a lot more people have started coming downtown again. There weren't any other shops back then, but we got a couple friends to open up

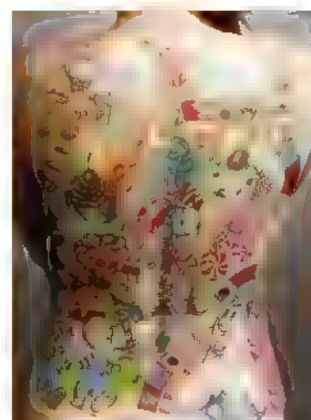
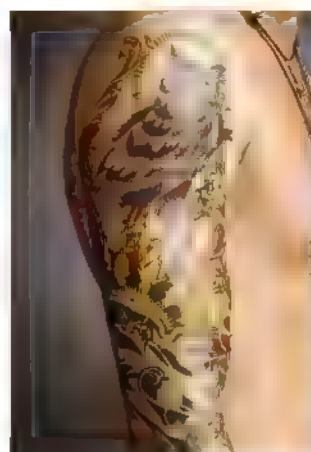
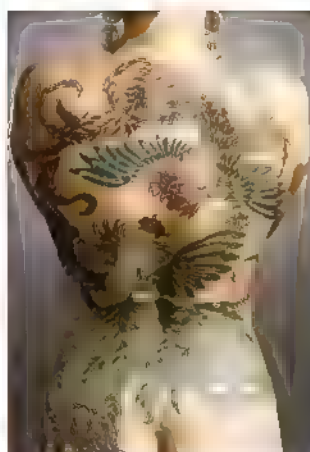
around us. So we're trying to close down the whole downtown area. We got a lock on downtown."

Now Mercy Seat's downtown is home to many local businesses and restaurants and is hugged by the three biggest strip clubs in KCMO (the city's nickname). "We tattoo a lot of strippers," Duvenci gloats. Since its second location opened in 2009, the shop has become a pillar of the community, often sponsoring and hosting rockabilly concerts with the local brewery, Flying Monkey. "We've got a pretty good community ladder going on in Kansas City. It's a big town but it's a small town like that too. We've found our little niche."

"Little niche" seems like a big understatement. Between Mercy Seat's two locations there are 10 skilled artists with a range of specialties and backgrounds: Wes Grimm, Tony Harrison, Andrew Milko, Mikey Wheeler, Chris Orr, Jason Saint, Peter Toatley, Scott Shickman, Wesley Brockman, and Dana Howard. Front staff Jim Oshel and Jessica Delich round out the bunch. "The Mercy Seat staff and message is unique because it's really a good mix between a shop that's trying to push art and push new ways of thinking. We're pushing a new modern approach of tattooing without losing the



Clockwise from top left: tattoo by Mikey Wheeler; interior of Mercy Seat Tattoo; tattoo by Wesley Brockman; tattoo by Andrew Milko; tattoo by Chet Duvenci; tattoo by Andrew Milko; tattoo by Jason Saint; Bottom right: tattoo by Dana Howard.



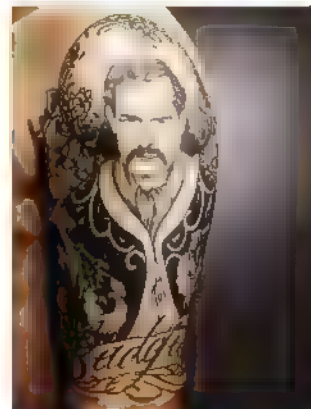
street sensibility that makes tattooing good," explains tattoo artist Andrew Milko. "You can come in here and sit and have somebody draw you out a big, meaningful sleeve, but you can also come in and get a short ankle piece; I think that's the balance. Shops that are trying to create that new art feel can lose the echo of what made tattooing good in the first place. It feels like there's history in here."

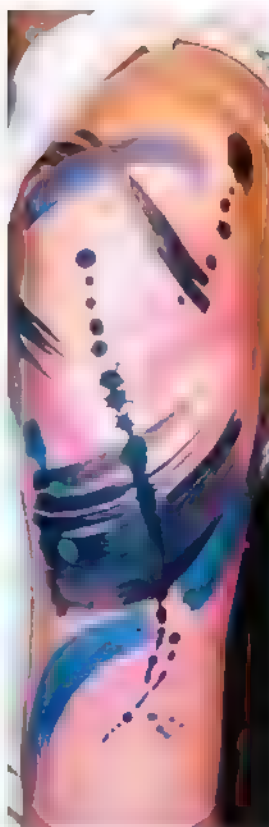
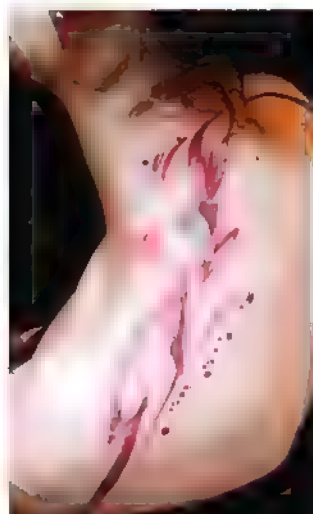
When they gutted the space, which once housed a printing press, they wanted to create an aesthetic that would cater to all kinds of clientele. They searched abandoned buildings and salvaged materials to decorate the space. "It has a dark, old feeling without feeling scary. You walk in and you can see art; you see portfolios," describes Milko. "You feel like you're walking into a tattoo shop, but you don't feel like it's a place where we

just stick something on you and throw you out the door. Because we live in the Midwest and there's a lot of area, we're not a tiny shop. The shop is super spread out. The tattoo room is huge and open, and there's even a secret drawing room with a full kitchen. It's huge, but it doesn't feel new and sourless—it feels old, like it has history."

Currently, the shop is decorated with an array of animal skulls, including a giraffe, all donated by the local zoo. With future plans to continue its partnership with the city, Mercy Seat will be hosting art shows each month, rock concerts, and an upcoming lingerie event.

"[We] want to continue to give back to Kansas City. The artsy part of Kansas City," says Duvenci. "I mean, here there's everything I want. I've traveled all over the world and I just keep coming back here, you know?" —David Diehl





AMANDA WACHOB

FROM: Dare Devil Tattoo

VISIT: amandawachobtattoo.com

How did you get into tattooing?

I graduated with a degree in photography and I had no idea what I was going to do after school. I got lucky and fell into tattooing. I had a friend working in a shop that helped me get a job. Tattooing is similar to sculpture, painting, and photography in the sense that all of the mediums are full of variables and complexities yet completely different from one another.

Why the abstract?

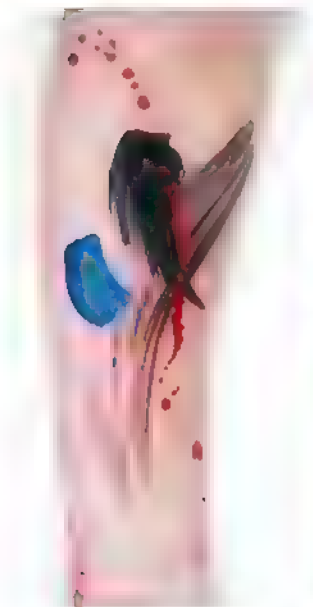
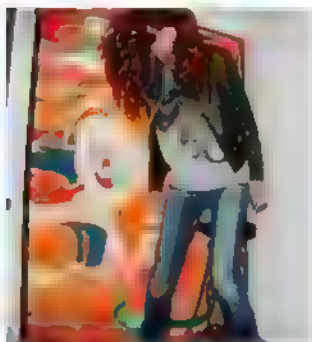
I was researching abstract expressionism. I started to wonder: If Hans Hofmann were painting on a surface that wasn't a rectangle, what would the forms look like? A lot of the same imagery gets repeated in the industry—I wanted to try something new. Why can't a color or a shape say more about a person than a representational design?

How do you think your abstract clientele differs from, say, those getting black and gray?

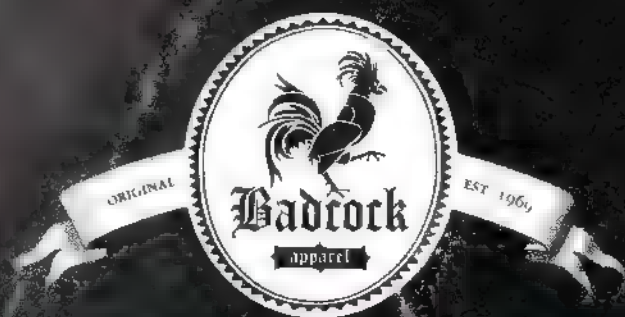
The clientele doesn't really differ. I also love working in black and gray. There is something relaxing about working with only one color.

Do you find tattooing rewarding?

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NAME: Marlene Rubio

SHOP MANAGER AT: Inkside Tattoo,
E. Paso, TX

I've been working at Inkside Tattoo for four years but I've been working in this industry a little longer. My stepdad owns a tattoo shop so I've been in and out of the industry. I did a few things in between, like work retail. I sucked at that. I love being able to come into work every day and wear whatever I want. I love the environment and the people. I love every aspect of my job.

I do piercing and some body modification. I really like dermal anchors. You can have gems implanted over your tattoos or any other part of your body. I've tattooed some friends but I don't tattoo here for money. It gets so busy that I try to focus on piercing. I'm always trying to keep up with everything at one time.

We had Anna Nicole Smith get a Hello Kitty tattoo on her butt cheek. She was very exciting, very liberal, very medicated.



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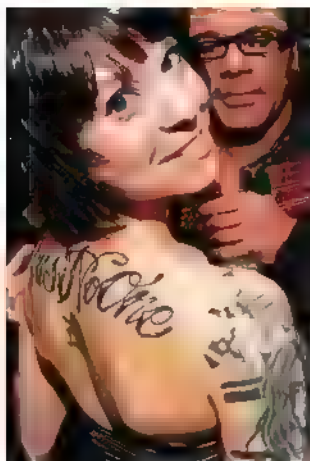
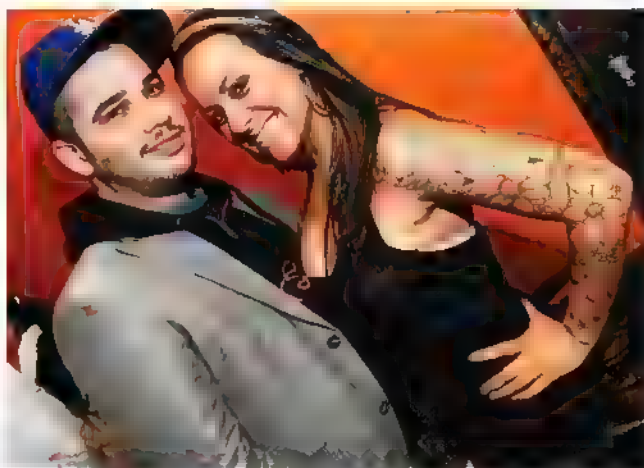
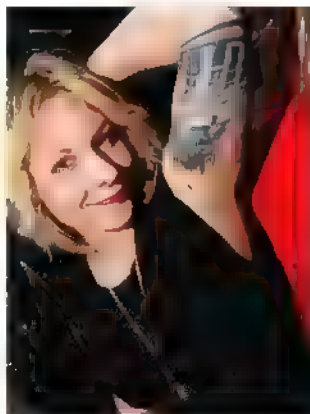
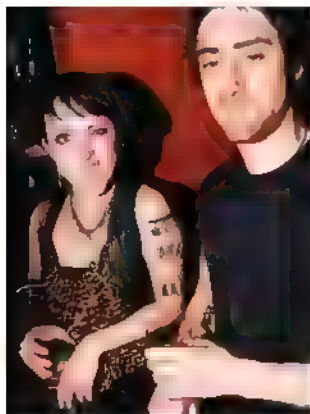
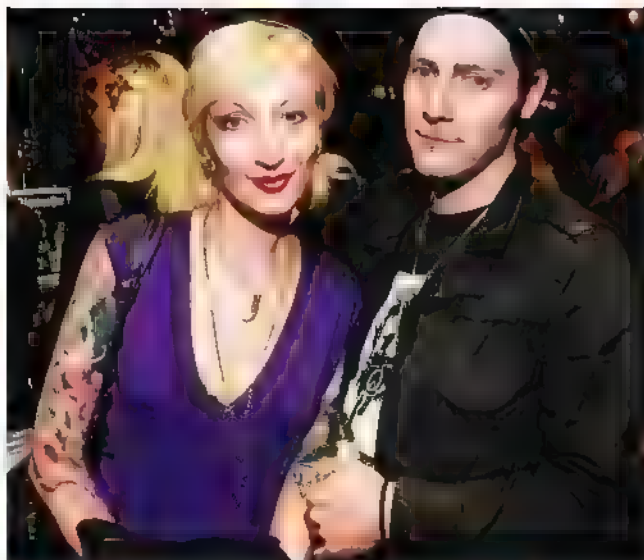
Available for purchase in the first aid aisle at Meijer or **Walgreens**

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INKED MAY ISSUE RELEASE PARTY

INKED's May issue release party rocked Sweet & Vicious in New York's Bowery. It's safe to say their bartenders never poured more Jägermeister down anyone's throats before meeting us. We toasted the good life with our friends, contributors, and INKED people like chef Seamus Mullen, who was profiled in the issue. For more photos go to inkedmag.com.



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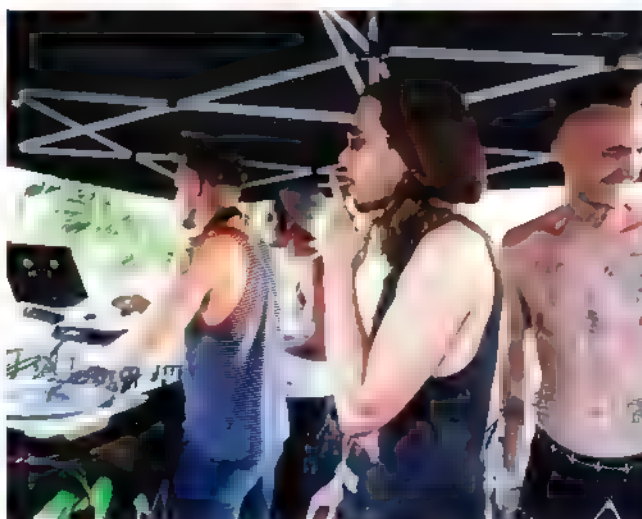
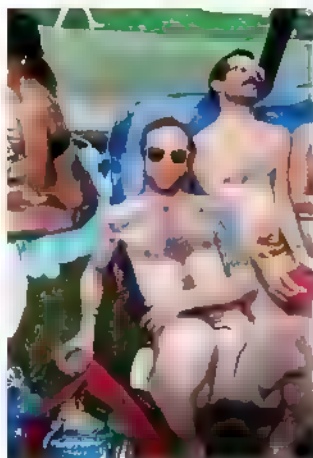
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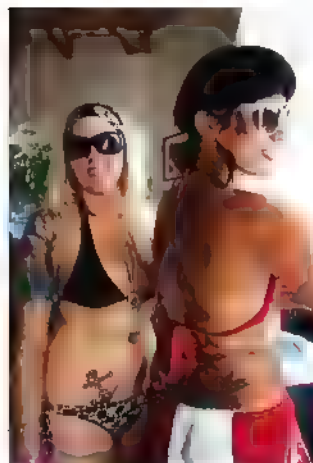
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COACHELLA

Welcome to Coachella: home of awesome tunes, funky shades, and great ink. The three-day festival at the Empire Polo Field in Indio, CA, featured diverse acts from Jay-Z to LCD Soundsystem to Shooter Jennings & Hierophant. But it's not all about the music—between the stage, tattoos, and art displays it is a very aesthetic event. For more photos go to inkedmag.com.



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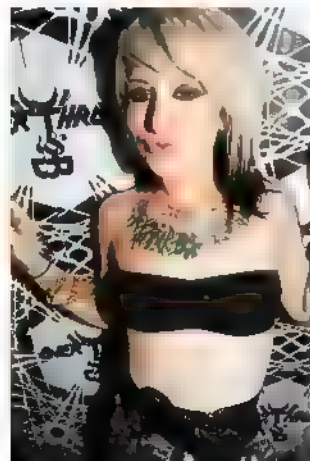
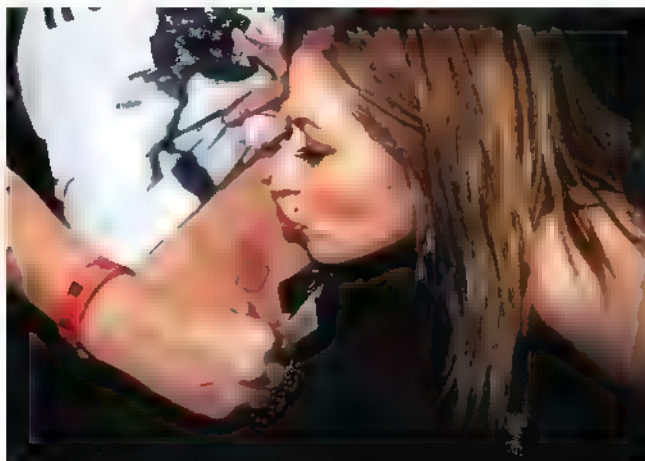
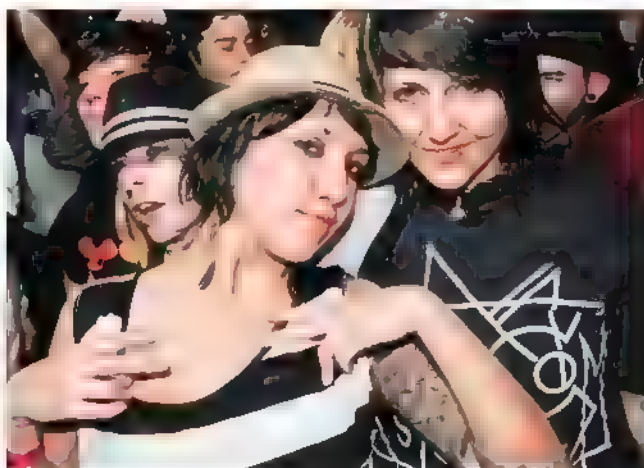
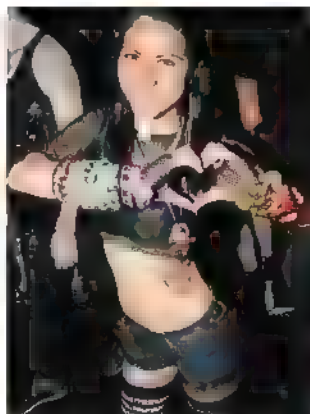
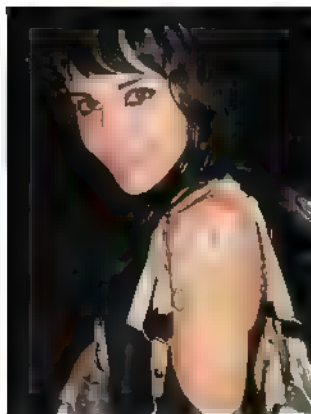
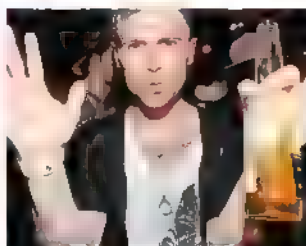
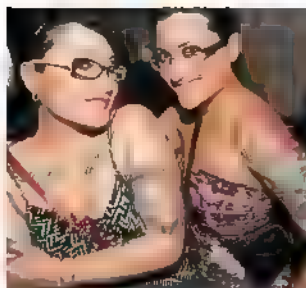
ATTENDING ARTISTS - EVENT INFO - PRESALE TICKETS - CLOTHING - COMMUNITY - & MORE

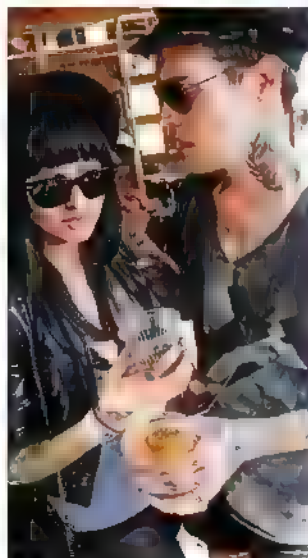
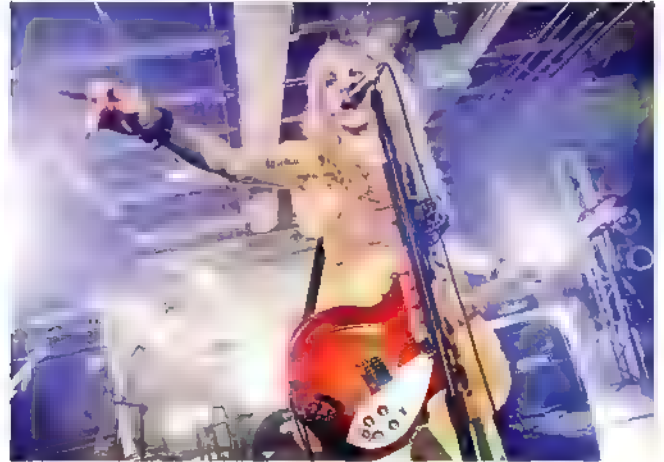
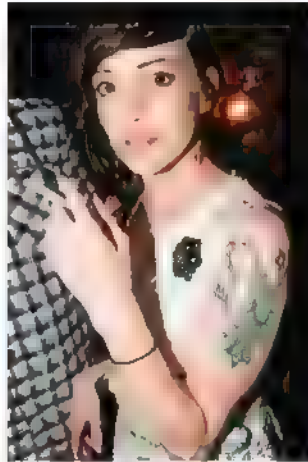
WWW.HELLCITY.COM



WINTER MUSIC CONFERENCE

We dig how professional "Winter Music Conference" sounds. The name connotes suits and meeting rooms, but it's really a mess of clubbers coming from the four corners of the map to turn Miami into the world's biggest rave. The 25th summit was electric, and we enjoyed checking out tattoos inked in faraway lands. **For more photos go to inkedmag.com.**





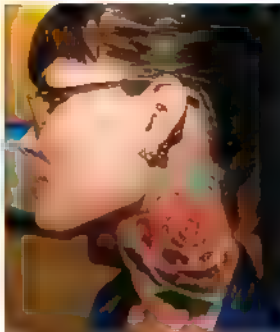
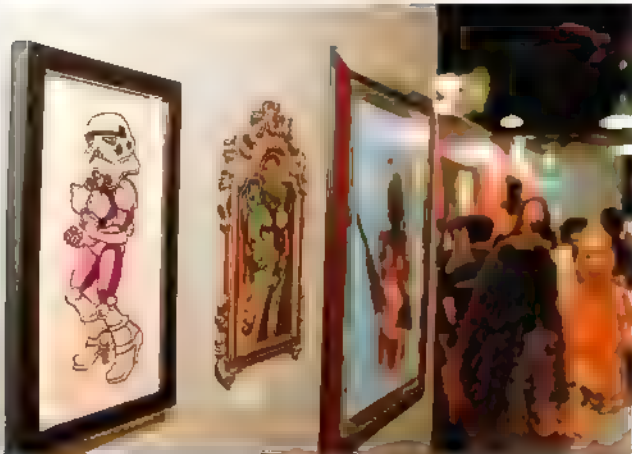
SXSW

In mid-March, anyone who's anyone in the music landscape finds him- or herself in Austin, TX for South by Southwest. Courtney Love was one of the near-2,000 musical acts squeezed into the music festival. She rocked with her new flower tattoos out while cute indie gals sipped Lone Star. For more photos go to inkedmag.com.



DISTURBANCE IN THE FORCE

When Princess Leya told Obi-Wan he was her only hope she counted out Hope Gallery Tattoo. The New Haven, CT shop hosted Disturbance in the Force, an artful tribute to Star Wars. Over 65 pieces of custom toys and art made by tattoo artists from across the globe and galaxies far, far away, including Joe Capobianco, Eric Merrill, and Gunnar Bez were showcased. Cool giveaways were provided by Gentle Giant and in-character drop-ins were provided by the 501st Conn Squad. For more photos go to inkedmag.com.



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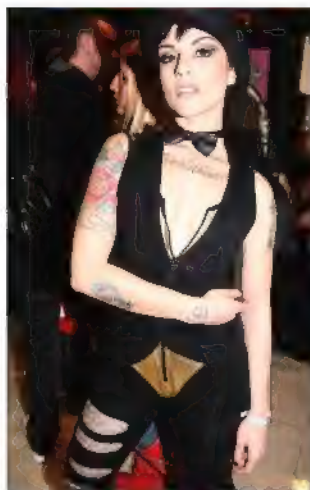
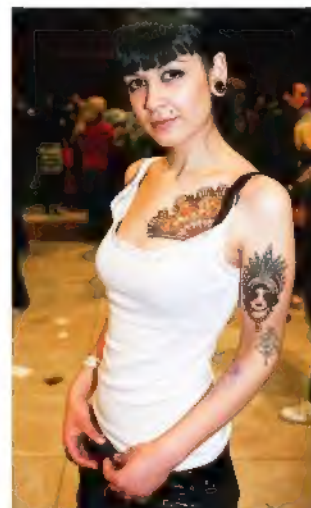
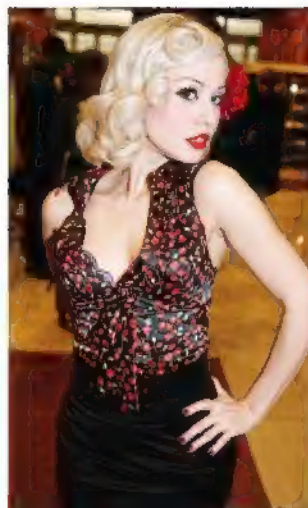
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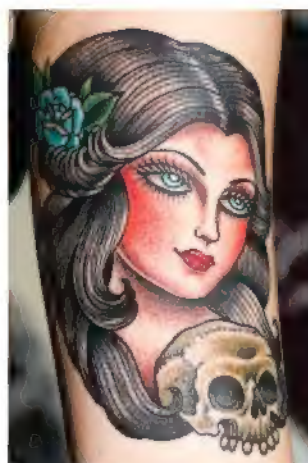
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MILAN TATTOO CONVENTION

Italy loves company and that is a good thing because thousands swarmed the 15th annual Milan Tattoo Convention. For lovers of skin and ink there were over 200 artists, including the Italian Antonio Prioretti, and for lovers of skin and ink and skin the convention hosted the Miss Pin-up competition and a burlesque show by Voodoo Deluxe. For more photos go to inkedmag.com.





SHAWN DUBIN

Moo Tattoo, 513 South St., Philadelphia, PA, shawndubin.com

"I couldn't forget my first tattoo if I tried," Shawn Dubin says. "I got tattooed by a guy whose arm was twice as thick as my head. He made fun of the fact that I was an 18-year-old string bean and said that my arm was more like a chicken wing, and then he pretended to eat it. Good times." Dubin has his hand in illustrating, painting, producing comic book art, conceptualizing prop designs, and tattooing. "Each form of art informs the other," he says. "As I progress in one, I find that new skills learned can then be applied across the board. It's an ongoing process that I hope continues indefinitely." And when mortality ends his work, what would he design for his gravestone? His last sketch, if you will: "An hourglass with outstretched bat wings."

A photograph of Norman "Sailor Jerry" Collins, a man with glasses, a white t-shirt, and extensive tattoos on his arms. He is holding a pipe in his mouth and working on a piece of wood. The background is a workshop with various tools and equipment.

**“GOOD WORK
AIN’T CHEAP,
CHEAP WORK
AIN’T GOOD.”**

-NORMAN “SAILOR JERRY” COLLINS 1911 - 1973

The father of old-school tattooing, Norman “Sailor Jerry” Collins was a master craftsman whose artistry and integrity remain as timeless as the rum that bears his signature.

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